The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

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You May Guess, But Facts Are Facts

If we draw a line around the map of the world we will find that the *warring nations* lie in the same latitude and longitude of Planetary influence and the *people* who are responsible for the Wars were born under the influence of these warring planets.

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REGULAR FEATURES

VOLUME 14 — NUMBER 3

Contents for March, 1938

EDITORIALS

What Is Meant by the All-Seeing Eye?.....*Effa E. Danelson* 3
Editorials in Tune With Our Times..... 4-5

FEATURES

The World Mystery.....*G. L. Barnes* 6
Jesus Hid Himself.....*Borney Helmes Reddy* 7
The Higher Consciousness.....*Ethel Allen Shanafelt* 8
Dream Reveals Midnight Tragedy.....*Florence A. Brunke* 9
And When the Pool Fills with Water.....*Annie James* 9
Tertia Motus .....*Ferdinand Kondring* 10-11
Wheels of the Gods.....*John Adams, Jr.* 12-13
The Key to Happiness.....*Jacob Goldwasser* 14
Is It Telepathy?.....*Jessie Kenyon* 14
The Poets' Page..... 15
Nitor in Adversum.....*Jeanette Eugenia Cushing* 16
Psychic Faculty and Criminology.....*Dr. A. Tanagras* 16
A Warning of Death.....*Laverne Brown Price* 17
The Ways of Saints.....*Horace Giaquinta* 17
A Moonlight Tryst in Dreamy Draw.....*Adelaide M. Tweed* 18
Cyclopes Past and Present.....*Elbert Benjamine* 19
Bringing Your Stars to You Astrologically.....*Haasan Osiris* 20-21
Book Reviews .....*Worth While Books* 22

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What Is Meant by the All-Seeing Eye?

By THE EDITOR

WHEN one looks back through the aeons of time we find the root of every word in every phrase now used by what is so glibly called this enlightened age and we cannot help asking, though it may seem pertinent—what does this generation mean by "This enlightened age"? Does it mean the inheritance of the past struggle of humanity or does it just mean what the frail human mind has discovered through being able to contact **all** minds from which the all-seeing eye was individualized?

Can we give credit to the individual physical entity through whose ability to discern started, or one might say, brought again into vivid actuality the mass production now enjoyed by this enlightened age? One cannot properly use the term—**civilized age** because in actuality man is no longer civilized or even civil in his dealings, each with the other, neither between nations nor in human relationship; not even in families; it may be a hard thing to say but concrete things **are** hard. Man is accustomed to saying the world when he means time and the earth. The world, in proper terminology, is the people grouped under their diversified titles. Remember this as you read our next statement. There have been countless worlds but only one earth. There have been countless worlds on every planet and each world destroyed itself when it reached the height of its enlightenment, described in the phrase, "this enlightened age."

We find all through the history of this present world the term "The All-Seeing Eye." Its interpretation depended upon the generation in which or over which it ruled. What is a few thousand years to a world swinging in space? The discovery of more earth evolved new groups who in turn called themselves Nations. When these nations became multiple they destroyed themselves, each claiming the power of "The All-Seeing" and all-possessing eye of their ancestors. The earth has been divested of its worlds many times; therefore we can say, worlds upon worlds have possessed the fighting ground which today seems to be intent upon carving upon its face the Nationalism of its various groups and all the while that great **seeing eye** which is the law of retribution, rather than compensation, holds the balance and moves as it were upon the waters whose darkened face reflects **justice** in a new civilization.

The earth moves into a circle and as it moves it takes with it the good and the bad. Each individual comes to the time when it can no longer serve the vehicle through which it came into expression on whatever earth or in whatever cycle it came; and as this soul (a term which is used for want of a better one) relinquishes the physical body it continues expressing that individuality. The history of that life in its completeness has been recorded by that all-seeing eye, called by many names from man's earliest recollection, recorded and preserved through the thousands of years of record now available. Only those who can read the earlier and more ancient history can possibly know in their present physical enlightenment those things **not** recorded by man. It is from the unwritten records that men and women who made the records gained their intelligence and their progress and available to man today is the record of the sacrifice by them. Only in the very late centuries was an inventor who differed in theory from his predecessors allowed to enrich the world with his knowledge gained through his silent meditations from the records of the past and under the direct guidance of those who were sacrificed do they perfect and create

(*Continued on page 27*)

EDITORIALS IN TUNE

Without Fear or Favor

Erroneous Ideas About Life

TAKE the story of Adam and Eve—the temptation of the serpent—the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of the day—the burning bush—the tablets of stone with the ten commandments written on them—Baalam's ass—the bears that ate up the little children—Noah's Ark and the flood and a thousand and one other things related and co-related, purporting to be the history of creation and the population of the earth as found in the Old Testament.

Following on into the new dispensation we find the miraculous conversions and births together with the miracles, transfigurations and prophecies compiled under one cover as the Bible, a history over a period of given time. By many this book is accepted as authentic history of the *creation,* the beginning and the end of all activities. To *them* it is the LAW; to other groups it is a book of allegories—other groups class it as an Astrological legend and others as a history of a certain race of people over a given period of time. To many it is a book of prophecy, handed down through the centuries. To the Archaeologist and the Scientist it is a historical book interpreted into the language of the age. Translated into all languages it might truthfully be said it is the original Book of the Dead, *a history of a dead world.* Translated and resurrected to suit the customs of each nation and the understanding in its transport through period after period of the mental development of those who ruled the people and up to the present day no group has ever given a logical or a scientific portrayal. *It has been accepted and rejected.* Those who have accepted and those who reject it have no sense of its value or understanding of its inception. It is carried forward in a *false* light by those who seek authority. It is condemned and rejected by those who have no understanding of the laws it represents. In one language it means one thing and in another language it means something else. It can truly be said of it, *a bone of contention it has been,* carried from one country to another, from one battlefield to another. By its false interpretation and incorrect translation it has divided the population of the world wherever it has been carried. The unscrupulous in every age have used it as a *bludgeon* to force obedience to their will. The intellectual population who *could* and *did* put forth a logical and intellectual interpretation to its *hidden* meaning were put to death.

Coming down to more modern times when it became a universal book, made historic as a base for a belief in the hereafter it became a universal garment, *cloaking* the world in FEAR. Today the universal world of understanding look upon it as a very incomplete history of a comparatively few thousand years. Each decade in its revealing light, through Scientific research, through Archaeology, Chemistry and research of every kind and nature is placing it in the archives of *forgotten men.* As the world moves forward in its research and its searching for records and the interpretations of records already found it will be swallowed up in the oblivion of actual *facts* about Life. The revealment of all the past, together with the present and the eternity yet to be recorded will be unfolded to the understanding in the century that is passing.

It has been prophesied that old things shall pass away and all things shall become new. Old things do not pass away—they simply become records of *passing* time and time makes new records as it passes. The babes of yesterday are the men of today and the babes of today will be the men of tomorrow. All Life must be interpreted in the present tense—neither in the past nor the future. The laws of the country in which men dwell do not govern the Life of the individual. At its best it only governs during that span of physical activity. Each Life is its own governor when released from its physical captivity. Man may set laws—man may establish precepts—man may create environments, yet in all his creating he does not rule and it cannot hold Life a captive. The spirit is always free and the time will shortly come to pass and is already here when the spirit will go at will when and where it chooses. Man will no longer depend on transportation.

Mind contact—independent of physical vibrations—will be the next great mode to be brought into permanent realization and man will again lay his body down and take it up at will. The *finite* will become the *infinite* and man will not live by bread alone.

Mind Seeing

THE development of the MIND to become the ruling power of sight is the next great achievement. One will say, "we just put out our ear to hear" as one now says, "we put our hand out to feel." We will send forth our eyes to see when we want to see, hear or touch something at a great distance bridging space with what is now known as the five physical senses. If man would have developed his five physical senses along the line of projection, or using the law of projection, he would have overcome space and harnessed Time and still remain a product of Nature. He would have retained his control and would never have developed the monsters, FEAR, JEALOUSY and GREED who now control him.

Beginning with today, teaching the children the law of projection would in a few generations rid humanity of its worst fears and its worst tribulations. Man would today be living the life of ease and comfort which is his birthright had he been

WITH OUR TIMES

BY EFFA DANELSON

able to contact through the law of projection rather than by the contraptions he has invented for that purpose. Death, as it is known today, would not exist. Those who have raised their rate of vibration, enabling them to function and experience the full life know *not* Death and they do not sorrow. You may call it extended sight, you may call it a raised rate of vibration—you may call it Death or Birth but we prefer to use the term *Mind Sight.*

Through the law of projection one brings into action every brain cell in the entire physical body. The man who loses his physical sight and hearing, if he is alert and progressive, immediately substitutes his fingers to take the place of his eyes and ears. This has been proven times without number. The scent of the animal is developed over and above every other cell in the body. They sense an enemy and automatically begin preparations for defense. Man calls himself *civilized* and through this process of civilization he lost the great powers of perception. Likewise his protective ability. The man and woman who are fortunate enough to realize these powers of greater service, travel great distances while the man who depends on physical transportation remains fixed unless he engages the services of those who have been more creative than himself. The man who lives in mental darkness *is* truly blind but he who develops the *mind sight* is never blind —he is never deaf.

We hear someone lamenting their shortsightedness yet they take no steps to overcome the weakness. Lack of coordination by parents brings into the world more defective children than any one cause. Lack of control of the mental organism disorganizes not only the individual thus afflicted but every other person contacted. An organized mentality creates united units which throw off creative force acting directly upon every other organized mind. Nature itself, if one is allowed to use this term, embodying all activities and multiple activities has increased by volumes the rate of vibration of every organic entity and all expressions of activities affecting man and his necessities — and mark our words, we said *necessities.* Gratifying an abnormal desire, setting at variance every atom connected with man is not a necessity. It is a gluttonous propensity which robs the individual and hinders his progress. Getting in the path of such an individual is as dangerous to the *seeing mind* as getting in the path of an automobile out of control is to the body.

Stepping out of the physical body mentally is not an art—it is a *law.* If the law makers could be induced to recognize the lawfulness of teaching the greater powers of vision in the schools, the graduates at the end of the term would have something besides a cap and gown and a roll of paper to signify their victory over ignorance. When a business man can raise his vibration and appear in person and transact business across the country he will have revolutionized, at least in his world, all who contact him. Life has become a great hazard and he must learn to move forward mentally and leave his physical body in a safe place where the reckless and the degraded do not travel. The speed crazed mind is the curse of the present day's boasted civilization. The man who said "Necessity is the mother of invention" gave the world a golden key that will unlock the storehouse that holds man's every need. Necessity develops *mind seeing, mind creating* and lifts the individual whose life it touched thereby into a new world—*a world of creative thought.*

Wherever you find yourself do not spend your time and strength lamenting. Take the *key* of necessity and open the storehouse that holds the supply you need. If you are surrounded by chaos, turn it into building blocks. At whatever angle of Life you find yourself opposed, be a master through the creative power of thought with which every child projected into the physical activity is endowed. Mothers and fathers, guardians and Governments —*do not* deny the child its right to create. Allow it full use of its *seeing mind* which is the soul of the body individualizing every child. In the last analysis, all sight is mind seeing.

The World Is Waiting for a Messiah

AND each day the golden opportunities are slipping through their fingers, carrying unserved the Messiah they are looking for, the Messiah of *good will* who comes day after day like a thief in the night unheralded, yet present, bearing the gifts of the Savior of the world.

He who would save the world is ever present in the hearts of those who serve and is always sleeping in the hearts of those who do not serve. Their Bible says: "He was asleep in the hull of the ship." Translated it means, *the Savior of Good Will lying in the heart of every soul standing guard is that Messiah of Good Will,* in some alert and active awaiting the call of distress, in others asleep.

Ye who are troubled, ye who are in distress—awaken the *master* in the hull of the ship to *still* the troubled waters. Speak the words, PEACE, BE STILL, in low tones—they are powerful.

Go on guard, each Soul at his own guard house. Raise the banner of Peace—fly the flag of victory —herald to the world the glad news—The Messiah stands guard—the Messiah of GOOD WILL. He and he alone can SAVE the world. No other King is needed, no other King can rule. Hail, Hail to the long-looked-for Messiah; *he is here* — the Messiah of GOOD WILL. CROWN HIM KING OF KINGS.

THE WORLD MYSTERY

By G. L. BARNES

NEARLY always we try to solve the Mystery of Here and Hereafter by getting as far as we possibly can from the Earth. Whether or not there be people on Mars or how smart or how dumb they may be, makes no material difference as long as we can't go to Mars and the people of Mars can't come here.

How hot the Sun actually is and just how many miles away it may be to any certain star does not mean one hundredth part as much as finding out the possibilities of our own individual bodies. When we find out something about this body that we each live in then it will be time enough to consider Prof. Einstein's figures on age of the World. With all due respect to the learned Professor, it is here ventured that he is a long way too far from our own apple orchard to do us any good. If we go to primer school with ourselves first, then we may be able in time to grow up to the Einsteins.

Neither does Orthodox Religion present any proofs supported by evidential facts. Instead, Religion as expounded by the Clergy and largely accepted by the laity is defended and upheld on occurrences that are claimed to have taken place 1900 or more years past.

Religionists offer the Bible as Final Authority on the World Mystery but they are not able to establish even the authenticity of the Bible as a mere record, let alone establish as facts the statements contained in the Bible. Instead of believing what the Bible says just because it's in the Bible, we might try doing the things that are labeled miracles by everybody except the One Who did them. Jesus did not claim to perform miracles but He did know something about His own body and its possibilities.

One of our greatest mistakes was, and is, putting Jesus on a pedestal to point at, when instead, His specific charge to each and all of us was—"Do the Things I Do."

It makes no difference what assumption may be advanced by either Science or Religion until we can put either assumption in the garage of reason and in that garage, take it to pieces and then put it back together again, we will get nowhere. To find out what makes an engine go enables us to master it but to just accept the fact that it does run because of Faith and is due to Divine guidance makes the Religionist a poor driver if the wires become disconnected, which, sooner or later, they are bound to do.

The engine that we all drive is our individual bodies and we should know something about these bodies and never mind the body of the Stone Age man and forget the petty occurrences called miracles by the Religionists, which occurrences were then and still are only manifestations of the inherent natural powers of the body.

Instead of going away off to a Biblical Heaven or back to a Stone Age man why not take our own bodies and find out why, under certain conditions, the body has certain reactions regardless of Religion, race or color. Then maybe Religion and Science might pull together instead of fighting.

Religionists largely accept the Bible literally, especially the New Testament in which Paul says: "Ye are the Temple of God and—Know Ye not that Ye are Gods." Now Paul either told the truth or he lied. If he told the truth we do not have to wander in far places to locate God; but the expounders of orthodox Religion must class Paul as a liar for they Personify God as a Glorified Individual up in Heaven, wherever that is.

The basis of religion is immortality of the Soul or Spirit and the Orthodoxist say we must accept this on faith which is a virtual acknowledgment of either their ignorance or their inability to prove their dogma. The Scientist says, show me, without the element of faith having any part in the show and he immediately has Orthodoxy up a tree for faith is the one leg that Orthodoxy stands or falls on.

It would seem that both Orthodoxy and Science should pay some attention to, or at least disprove the statement of a prominent Church of England Clergyman who asserted that the only way to prove immortality is by demonstrations of Spiritistic Phenomena, the principal expounder and demonstrator of which was Jesus, if the Bible is true. And to prove it today it is not enough that we believe Jesus did this and that, it is only enough when we do the same things he did and under conditions that will pass inspection outside of faith.

Jesus Himself never cured or healed a small fraction of one per cent of the number of people who have been made free of all kinds of ailments by Spiritualist Healers, Magnetic Healers and Christian Scientists and these cured people and the Healers are right here in our midst, not in Heaven or back in history 1900 years. We can, if we will, put them in the garage of reason in person and find out why and how it happened.

It does not matter that the cured people did not have much the matter with them and that they largely imagined themselves cured; that same line of argument might be advanced regarding those healed by Jesus or those cured by an ethical medical Doctor.

When we question the Spiritualist Healer or the Christian Science Practitioner they assert that faith gives them the power but the Magnetic Healer says, "I simply start nerve action in the patient's body by contact of hands, my own body being charged with an excess of life force which will flow from my body to the patient's body, *under certain conditions.* Faith is not essential but it is very essential that the patient's body and nerves and my body and nerves vibrate in unison just the same as you must tune your radio to any certain station in order to get that station.

Spiritistic Phenomena is not new and did not originate with the Fox sisters in 1848. The Bible is full of Spiritism and, if demonstrable and possible in Bible times, then it must be today, unless Evolution is going back with man.

If Jesus rose from the tomb and was visible to many as set out in the Bible, He didn't do any more than several hundred living sensitives with the materialization phase of Spiritism do today. But Orthodoxy denies that these present day sensitives can produce the "living dead" yet maintains that Jesus did it. And the Scientific gentlemen just back from Easter Island where they went to find out about some very strange images of a lost people, learnedly tell us that it's impossible because they didn't find anything on Easter Island that would settle the subject.

As a possible fact Jesus may have materialized 1900 years ago for certain sensitives can produce the Phenomena today and some of them are neither mental nor moral prodigies, some even drink to excess and still they produce the "living dead." And there isn't anything necessarily remarkable, impossible or fraudulent about it when we take it to pieces and reassemble it in the garage of reason. While fraud is possible, fraud may occur in banking and any counterfeit necessitates a genuine somewhere in the background.

For 50 years Psychic Research Societies have been centering their efforts on experimenting with present day people and not on the Book of Genesis and as a result they have recorded some 50 volumes of facts that bear on individual present day cases and both the Divine and the Devil have to deliver the goods to get credit.

With the Research Societies faith is entirely out, they must be shown and they usually detect fraud easily as their investigators know the real from the fake.

The Society has found that sensitives may perform fairly well one day and the next day poorly or even fail entirely. They have found that weather conditions have an effect more or less similar to the weather affecting radio 10 years back, that the food eaten has a bearing on certain phases and all these conditions are material, right at home and not supernatural, nor a mil-

(*Continued on page 22*)

"Jesus Hid Himself!"

By BORNY HELMOS REDDY

FROM the time when, as a small boy, a switch from an apple tree was the major incentive for my presence at an orthodox Sunday School, I was greatly intrigued by a certain passage in the New Testament. When it was read aloud by the teacher of the class to which I had been assigned, there was something about that passage that aroused my interest. I very clearly recollect asking a question and I also recall that the reply was a disappointment to me.

In later years I asked the same question of various Sunday School teachers and of ministers also, but always the reply was the same—miracle—a sort of orthodox alibi. Because his solution was not accepted as absolutely correct and final, one preacher called me "a naughty, ugly boy!" Perhaps so, but that did not answer the question; neither did it satisfy my curiosity. The passage to which reference has thus been made (John 8:59) reads as follows: "Then they took up stones to cast at him: but Jesus hid himself and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by." To my youthful mind it was not at all clear just how "Jesus hid himself" and then passed "through the midst of them" in safety, especially when the assembled mob was angry and ready and more than anxious to cast stones at Him. The so-called explanation that a "miracle" had been performed did not satisfy; neither did it explain.

In this connection, another (Luke 4:28-30) passage also attracted my attention. There we read: ". . . . all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up and thrust him out of the city and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he passing through the midst of them went his way." Just why the angry mob should forcibly take Jesus to the edge of the "brow of the hill . . . that they might cast him down headlong" and then permit him to peaceably pass "through the midst of them" was not apparent. At any rate, the use of the magic term "miracle" as a sort of blanket explanation which did not explain anything seemed a mere subterfuge. Instinctively, I felt that not to be the true answer.

From astronomy down to the most prosaic details of everyday life, mere unsupported claims of the most preposterous nature are accepted as statements of fact. By some peculiar mental quirk many will listen to an unverified sales talk, and then, without ever a casual investigation, invest their life's savings in a visionary promotion scheme that is palpably unsound. But when friends of long acquaintance, of tried and strict honesty, attempt to describe personal psychic experiences they are met with the usual stock alibi of the uninformed skeptic: "I'll have to see it myself before I'll believe it!" However, when these extremely skeptical wiseacres are afforded an opportunity to witness true psychic phenomena, they refuse to accept the evidence obtained through their own physical senses.

What shall be said of those Christian teachers who constantly urge upon their hearers the absolute necessity of believing in a future existence and at the same time reject and ridicule the only objective evidence upon which such an existence can be established? They are of the same turn of mind as one well-known investigator who, when confronted with phenomena which he was unable to deny or to prove mere trickery, said: "To accept that phenomena would be to overthrow the philosophy of a lifetime!" With such skeptics, consistency is not found among their attributes.

Inasmuch as the public in general accepts without question announcements about science, industry, exploration and many other lines, it is difficult to understand why the word of well-known persons of outstanding probity when given in connection with psychic phenomena should not be accepted as statements of fact. It has long been known that unless we follow as a little child wherever Truth may lead, there will be no progress.

It was with this attitude of mind that I approached the two passages hereinbefore quoted, seeking a solution of the mystery. In course of time there fell into my hands a description of a personal experience in Tibet, that land of mystery, written by Alexandria David-Neel, a widely known author and traveler. This remarkable woman relates that as she approached her tent one day in company of her cook, they both saw a well-known lama sitting in one of her tent chairs. When the cook saw the lama he said he would go back and prepare the tea, as is the custom. As she drew near to the tent the lama faded from sight. When the cook returned with the tea he was very much surprised at the unexplained departure of the lama. A few days later Madame David-Neel met this lama and asked him about his sudden disappearance, but he only laughed at her. Shortly afterward she met this lama again out on the flat open plain, and while in conversation with him, he suddenly vanished from her sight. In the account this author takes pains to make it clear that there were no rocks, trees, bushes, tents or anything behind which one might hide. This narrative from the pen of one with such eminent standing among authors of today gave me food for thought, and it seemed quite evident to me that there was a direct relation between this account and the scriptural passages under consideration.

Some time after reading this account I contacted a friend who had studied in Tibet and in the course of our conversation I mentioned what I had read. This friend then related a description of a similar experience which had occurred while on his first trip into Tibet. One day while walking along in a valley some little distance from his caravan, this friend was suddenly confronted by a man dressed in native Tibetan costume. This native did not walk, rise up out of the grass, or come down out of the sky—he was just there. Quite a lengthy conversation ensued, when suddenly my friend was quite alone! The man in native costume had disappeared, leaving my friend rather mystified. . . . The caravan traveled on for many days afterward, and finally arrived at a temple—the first person to greet my friend was the mysterious visitant of the valley; a priest of that temple. This tale, coming from a widely separated source—a friend, gave me further food for thought, for I had no reason to doubt the good faith or trustfulness of my friend.

This subject was again brought to my notice in a most unexpected manner. While we, my wife and I, were discussing these rather unusual incidents, we did not dream that our own home would be the scene of a similar occurrence. Before describing the incident itself, I feel that a description of our apartment will be pertinent. Our living room is located on the east side of the street, thus facing to the west. On the street side there are three windows occupying the major portion of the wall on that side of the room. In the south wall there is a wide window near the corner next the street, while near the eastern end of the same wall there is a triple window; thus the living room is well lighted. The street door is located in the north wall close in the corner next the street, and it opens out on a sort of community porch. Directly opposite our door, about eight feet distant and facing south, is the street door of the other apartment on the same floor. The greater portion of both doors is of plate glass. With this description of the scene of the odd incident which I am about to describe, I will take up the incident itself.

Perhaps it will be best to employ the words used by my wife in describing her experience in a letter to a friend:

"My husband had just gone downtown and I was alone in our apartment. The gong rang, and on my way to the door

(*Continued on page 25*)

THE HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

By ETHEL ALLEN SHANAFELT

(*Continued from January*)

FOURTH CHAPTER

BLAKE declared with profound emphasis: "It is my business to create." Then gradually, out of the intensity of this consciousness, his individuality faded away into a boundless state of being.

Blake peopled all of his symbolism with vast lessons for the attainment of great understanding; which gives one the significance of that for which each person is designed.

Another poet said:

"'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image . . ."

From every higher impulse comes a possibility to create something of value: one need not be a master to offer beauty to a world. The recognition of a lack in someone else should be used to create faith in that person. Once a teacher of piano told me that he had no plan for becoming famous as a composer himself—but his ideal was to arouse the creative desire in someone else.

To encourage this expression of epigenesis precludes laziness; each native must diligently seek for light, then catching the Gleam, make conscious use of this spiritual sight, until it is full rayed!

This lesson seems to be shaping itself into a discussion of advancement, by way of epigenesis. You know the word, and though in its full translation means genius, that excuses no one from definitely doing his finest with the talents given him. There is no easy Way for anyone to advance—you need no illustrations, just glance over any creative expression to prove that the native had an unlimited capacity for hard work.

The student must remember that there are layers of experience which have been an inheritance for each individual. Each person, in greater or less degree, seeks escape from crystallizing influences which seem to overwhelm him. The strength of these negative forces are relative, of course, according to the place in progress attained.

This expression of creativeness, which in philosophy is called Epigenesis means that the individual has an inalienable right to present or inaugurate original work.

Each native must know comparative values, to be sure, but from the essence of each experience he is given the free choice or privilege, to attain for and of himself.

As we all know, there are never two people exactly alike; each native is on his own. Within each one is implanted something of the Divine to be recognized and developed that progress may be realized. Progress comes from the individual expressions, while evolution concerns the races as a whole.

No individual should become indifferent to the requirement of creative expression—Epigenesis—as degeneration commences just as soon as the family, the nation, the race ceases to advance.

According to certain similar characteristics I have developed my Plan; each group in the sun-sign Circle may find inspirational help from proven values.

Let us take first the symbol of the triangle, which has for long been used to express certain forces. The base is representative of Leo; the left, Aries; the right, Sagittarius.

For a lesson I shall offer values for Leo, which as sun-sign place presents evolution by way of esoteric understanding. Leo has a combining mysticism with practical knowledge, unlike other signs.

Now, with Leo's innate majesty, arrogance and ability to assume authority, the native of the sun-sign must know his spiritual values well. If not, grossness of expression inevitably takes precedence.

Courage, strength, generosity, loyalty belong through long ages of analysis, to the sun-sign Leo.

Such powers used in the highest expression means attainment of spiritual living; used constructively always means progress—therefore, values for this period must be of suitably inspiring masters.

Wagner, for a majestic power as discoverable in music; Milton for a majestic power which is the very essence of his poetry. The ability for leadership receives color from the great Titan. Does a soft beauty seem lacking? Turn to Shelley, as a Leo, he brings just the delicacy of feeling which makes the values complete.

Leo must live on the mountain top constantly. There is something about this sun-sign which does not permit use of other than the finest. The native must consistently seek a perfect orchestration of his entire organism. Mentally and emotionally balanced — that each accepted impression from the Great Ones may be radiant and vital.

Realization of the Leo power comes gradually as the individual integrates these offered values until they are as much a part of one's existence as breathing.

When the Leo lives fully, he must expect to often have a feeling as of aloneness; this does not come from any attitude of superiority, but rather because his masters have lifted him, spiritually, to where the vision transcends the usual.

Wagner was a prophet, scarcely realizing that he was the medium through which a great message was given. Let me merely suggest from his Ring — Wotan typifies the human will, which ceaselessly longs for expression by way of an ideal. In Wagner we come upon this constantly — always searching for redemption, from the Flying Dutchman search on to the grandeur of Parsifal.

Milton gives the same effect; he was of enormous spiritual height, he understood that:

"He that has light within his own clear
breast
May sit in the center, and enjoy bright
day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul
thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day
sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."

Milton calls light (inspiration) the coeternal beam, referring to creative power. He was Sagittarian, definitely creative "only between the autumnal and vernal equinox," which discloses that master as he was, he indeed had the needed reverence for the "inner light" of each person. He understood that each one is individual and distinguished by certain forms of light for spiritual (creative) expression.

I have given attention to the superconsciousness, uninspired, this is as a cold pure ray above mental emotional contacts. My use of the word, "cold," means not colored by prejudice or personal viewpoint.

The Leo finds much from nature, as personified in Titan, who was biologically suited to his environment. He mingled all kinds of beauty, making of himself the greatest creator of color ever granted life.

So great was his mission that his life almost covered a century; he could not have fulfilled his required expression had he lived less.

"There is wonderful truth in Titan, promise of great things—an increased symbolic idea of space." He gave almost perfectly the combining of the conscious with the subconscious and soared boldly upward, with each offering to great expression, from the superconscious.

There is a subtle charm from jewels —sometimes a person feels attracted, sometimes indifferent, sometimes repulsed. For centuries the jade has been held in a majesty of esteem. In unbroken order the student may trace this quality and its suitability for the Leo.

At first the use of jade for expression of majesty was reserved for certain favored few. Brilliant green jade, combined with the orange makes an ideal combination for the Leo jewel.

Doubling the jewels is a part of the Astro-Philosophy, which in the Leo de-

(*Continued on page 23*)

Dream Reveals Midnight Tragedy

By FLORENCE A. BRUNKE

I WAS delighted when I learned that Aunt Mary was coming on a visit; she had always been a welcome guest in our home. Rather than leave her alone in town Uncle Jack had made arrangements for her to remain at our place while he accompanied a friend, Martin Graham, on a hunting expedition in the northern part of the state. He would stop on his way back, rest for a day or two, and then he and Aunt Mary would motor home together.

Mother was convalescing from a serious illness. She was still confined to her room in care of a trained nurse so Dad and I met the afternoon train when it pulled into the station. Greetings over and Aunt Mary's luggage tucked away in the back of the car, we were soon speeding homeward.

She appeared to be delighted with the prospect of spending a week at Cedar Crest, our country home; it would be a change from the city and its various activities in which she had, for several years, taken a leading part.

Dinner over, we retired to the living room. Seated on a cushion in front of the big, open fireplace, I listened with childish interest while Dad and Aunt Mary recalled incidents which had occurred during their childhood—they were the last of a big family and intensely devoted to each other.

She appeared to be in a happy mood that evening; an unexpected legacy she had inherited from an elderly relative who had recently passed away had made it possible for her to assist in carving out a future for some young folks in whom she had taken a keen interest.

The following day we were to go on a picnic party at Madison Lake. I looked forward with eager anticipation to drifting over its placid waters in a flat-bottomed boat with Aunt Mary beside me, and Dad fishing for bass.

At nine o'clock Dad began to yawn. We were planning to get up early so Aunt Mary said goodnight to him and accompanied me to my room. After I had undressed and said my prayers she tucked me in bed. With a parting kiss she turned off the light, went out, and closed the door. I was soon fast asleep.

Several hours later I was suddenly awakened by the piercing screams of a woman. I immediately recognized Aunt Mary's voice. My first thought was of burglars; they had operated in the neighborhood recently. I lay there trembling, too frightened to even get up and lock my door or close the window.

Dad's room was right next to mine. I heard him jump out of bed and switch on the light. A few moments later he was hurrying down the hall toward Aunt Mary's room.

During her recent illness Mother had occupied a room on the second floor just above the one in which I slept where the doctor thought she would be less likely to be disturbed by the household routine. I knew that she, too, had been aroused for I could hear Miss Cartright, the nurse, moving about.

Then I heard footsteps; the nurse was coming down the stairs. I slipped into my bathrobe and slippers and followed her.

The door to Aunt Mary's room was wide open and Dad was doing his best to quiet her. She was sitting up in bed in her nightgown, her wealth of coal black, wavy hair falling over her shoulders. In her dark eyes was an expression of horror that I shall never forget to my dying day.

"There now, Mary, try to calm yourself," Dad soothed. "It was only a dream—a nightmare, perhaps—and tomorrow it will be only a memory."

"But I saw him drown, I tell you!" she cried. "He fell, striking his head. I could see him lying there with his face in the water."

She became hysterical and insisted upon getting dressed and going in search of Uncle Jack. She relaxed, however, when Miss Cartright came to her bedside, placed a cool hand on her brow, and Dad assured her that he would endeavor to get in touch with him the very first thing in the morning.

While the nurse gave her something to quiet her nerves Dad went upstairs. He came down a few minutes later and told Miss Cartright that it was decided to let her remain with Aunt Mary until morning. In the meantime he would lie down on the couch in Mother's room in case she needed anything.

I went back to bed but sleep was out of the question and it was with a feeling of relief that I saw the sun coming up over the distant hills.

Aunt Mary looked pale and haggard when she came to breakfast; she had refused to have it served in bed. No mention was made of the distressing incident of the night before until we had adjourned to the living room. Then she gave us a detailed account of the tragedy to which she claimed she had been a witness.

Dad still maintained that it was only a dream and predicted that the morning mail would surely bring a message from Uncle Jack that would allay her fears; in the meantime he would make an effort to get in touch with him over long distance.

A few hours later the front door bell rang. Dad went to answer it. It was a messenger boy with a telegram addressed to Aunt Mary. Dad carried it into the living room and handed it to her.

"It's bad news. I know it is," she cried. Her hands trembled as she tore the envelope open.

And she was right. It was from Martin Graham. Briefly he told of how Uncle Jack had been drowned accidentally. After the coroner's inquest he would send further details.

Aunt Mary collapsed and had to be put to bed. The nurse telephoned for the doctor. He arrived very shortly and looked very grave when she explained what had happened the night before.

Dad replied immediately, requesting Mr. Graham to make arrangements to accompany the body on its homeward journey, but another telegram brought the news that Uncle Jack's parents who lived in that vicinity had been notified; they had taken complete charge of the situation and were desirous of having him laid to rest in their own family plot. As Aunt Mary was in no condition to assume the responsibility or even to express an opinion Dad hastened to assure them that whatever they decided to do would be all right with us.

Mr. Graham called on us a week later. Aunt Mary was still in bed but she had recovered sufficiently to give him an accurate description not only of the manner in which Uncle Jack had drowned but also of the spot where it had occurred. And, to his amazement, he found it correct in every detail even to the broken top rail of the rustic bridge a short distance away.

(*Continued on page 24*)

And When the Pool Fills With Water

By ANNIE JAMES

OVER in England, near Tawton, Devonshire, there is a spring-fed bath pool around which a legend has grown for the past few generations.

This ancient legend says that when this pool fills with water some member of the Royal family will die.

This age-old legend has been confirmed time and time again, until the people can't help believing the filling of the pool with water to be an omen of death of a Royal personage.

Just before the death of Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, the pool filled. It also happened foretelling the coming death of the Duke of Clarence, first son of King Edward VII.

And once again this age-old legend has been confirmed. When King George V passed away the pool filled again.

In a few days after the demise of King George the water in the pool vanished and cattle were once more grazing there.

TERTIA MOTUS

(Continued from February)

Uranus and Gea

THE story of Uranus and Gea and the subsequent characters involved in this legend are all employed to show the inner development of the soul in man.

From Uranus, the concrete mind, to Kronos, the enlightened mind, up to Zeus the higher or sublimated mind is the story of evolution of all souls.

Again Uranus-personality plus brilliant intellect to Kronos individuality plus higher metaphysics to Zeus the divine individuality plus universal mind, is the ultimately polarized soul in all its evolutionary endeavor.

The three goddesses represent the emotional status at each state of consciousness and stage of development. Gea lower emotions, Rhea sublimated emotions and Hera divine emotions.

To enlarge upon this synopsis automatically everything explains itself in this manner:

Uranus represents the fiery male solar ray expressed through the concrete mind polarized in the cerebro-spinal nervous system plus its fundamental force, the centripetal, Positive-Negative.

His wife Gea represents the female lunar ray expressed through the lower emotions (procreative) polarized in the sympathetic nervous system plus its fundamental force, the centrifugal, Negative-Positive.

Now his children the Titans and Giants represent his mental faculties such as Okeanos, i.e., his titanic sweep of imagination Krios, i.e., his iron will, Iapetos the control of his procreative power, Themis, i.e., his sense of justice, Mnemosyne, i.e., his gigantic memory and others such as representing his physical beauty and finally Kronos, i.e., time immemorial because the latter represents the *wisdom* of how to divide the psychic crystal and thus contacts consciously *eternity*.

But besides these there were other children, the Kyclobs, i.e., psychic vision, and the three giants each having fifty heads and a hundred hands, their names were Kottos, i.e., serenity as against irritability, Briareos, i.e., divine fire as against lust and Gyes divine womanhood as against whoredom.

The hundred handed is explained as follows:

The faculty of psychic crystal division is at times applied to a beautiful vista or scenery.

Way yonder his reflecting the rays of the sun in a myriad of colors catch the eye of the hundred handed. His inner vision is aroused by the outside natural beauty. He begins to concentrate on this particular spot of beauty, until the inner rhythm of his soul and that of the beautiful spot creates an inner ecstasy which will climax in the division of the psychic crystal and thus bring about a conscious participation of the soul. Upon this spot is laid a thankful hand and forever to be remembered. His vision again aspires to the rhythmic display and harmonious intermingling of the beauty of lake and forest. The same alchemical act is repeated where the inner rhythm and that of nature rarefy the psychic substance climaxing again in the division of its crystal. Thus opening the fourth and fifth dimension, the abode of the polarized soul within man's three fundamental forces, i.e., the centripetal (cerebro-spinal), the centrifugal (sympathetic) and the precessional (para-sympathetic). Again a "mental" hand is tenderly laid upon this spot till the hundred handed has in his grip the whole surrounding scenery and then through a single and powerful division of the psychic crystal will create a symphony in nature over which his polarized soul will reign supreme in all its glory and its conscious abode is within the para-sympathetic nervous system.

The fifty heads, of each of these three giants stand or refer to the fifty gates of Wisdom. In the Hebrew alphabet this number is symbolized by its 14th (1 plus 4 equals 5) letter "N" or nun 50 which is the fish, which again has its reference to the mystic sign of Pisces. It contains also the secrets of the Nazarenes of antiquity. This sect had St. John the Baptist instead of a Christ as the culminating figure who in turn represented the great Nazar or the polarized soul. But why 50? The meaning is this: In this day of Brahma our physical realm strictly referring to this planet only, begins with Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Oxygen and Carbon, which would make it four (4) or the square. Our mental realm again strictly referring to our terrestrial world has three (3) Triangle abodes, namely, 1. The mind or Manas. 2. The Intellect or Buddhi. 3. The polarized soul or Atma. Now add the human and the physical aspects together—3 plus 4 equals 7—hence in this age for us, it is the holy number. It is said in the "Voice of the Silence" that: Oh Lanoo as soon as thou hast perceived the immortality of thy soul (Atma) only seven (7) more rounds—Re-incarnations—and thou wilt enter Nirvana. "Mark now 7 times 7 equal 49, 4 plus 9 equals 13, equals 4. Four represents the psychic crystal, therefore when the neophyte has arrived seven times seven equals 49, at seven, he should have acquired the power to divide this psychic crystal in such a drastic manner that it will engulf his whole being. Seven times seven equals 49 plus the "one" Knowledge of how to divide the crystal equals 50.

That is to say in these seven rounds he divided the psychic crystal in his inner spiritual realm (3) (triangle) so often and with diligence that finally his (4) (the square) is reacting and in the 7th round he strikes with the power of a Zeus's hammer and thus "mutilates" or metaphysicalizes his whole being so that his soul disentangles itself from all worldly attachment and forthwith he enters Nirvana the 5th dimension or the realm of Christ, Buddha, Zeus, etc.

Therefore, 5 plus the indication of its realm through zero (0) 5 plus 0 equals 50 which contains all the wisdom needed to re-polarize the conscious soul. Now all these wonderful powers thus budding in Uranus were suppressed by him for fear he would lose his concreteness of mind and the positiveness of his personality. Therefore he sent them back to the bosom from whence they came.

Against this stagnant mind revolted Gea, his wife or the emotional side of him. A clash between the centripetal and the centrifugal ensued and with the help of Kronos, i.e., the division of the psychic crystal, the conscious state called Uranus became "mutilated" or metaphysicalized hence a new state of consciousness appeared which is called Kronos. According to the legend Kronos killed or "mutilated" Uranus at the instigation of Gea, with a crooked sword or instrument which means: The division of the psychic crystal equals the "mutilation" of the concrete mind by the processional force, has a "crooked" atomic reaction equals 45 degree angle, thus the first physical triangular atom. As Uranus transmuted into Kronos likewise Gea transmuted into Rhea. This then is the beginning of the Kronos regime, i.e., the sublimated consciousness in the cerebro-spinal system and the sublimated emotions in the sympathetic system we call now Kronos and Rhea—brother and sister or man and wife.

Through the "mutilation" of Uranus consciousness "blood" was spilled upon earth (Gea) and created the Furies, Armed Giants and the Melian Nymphs constituting the first dangers this new Kronos consciousness had to deal with.

The (Erinyes) or Furies represent the danger of being hurled out by the centrifugal force (Gea) committing all kinds of rash acts, for it must be borne in mind that any "mutilation" of consciousness done through the division of the psychic crystal accelerates the blood stream to immensely dangerous proportions. The armed Giants represent the mind liable to listen to Lucifer; Now you are strong, now you are a God, why then be humble? etc. And the Melian-Nymphs represent the accentu-

By FERDINAND KONDRING

ating of the lower nature of passion and its indispensable process of refinement.

The cut flesh of Uranus and its contact with the sea produced Aphrodite, the goddess of Love, which means: the exposed or laid open solar Ray of the male element emanating from the flesh the blood brought in contact by way of refined emotions with the lunar ray of the female element emanating from the "sea" the veil of Isis or luminous ether will open the abode of Aphrodite or Love Divine.

Kronos now ruling supreme in the realm of the lesser gods of which there were many. For during the regime of the concrete mind consciousness (Uranus) Nyx Pontos (barren sea) and the elder Titans had begotten many children including (Thantatos) Death, his brother (Hypnos) Sleep a whole tribe of dreams, "so-called pipe dreams," false friendship, old age, and strife and even (Nemesis) Justice created wars and rumors of war. In other words, this "stolen" polarity of the concrete mind in the cerebro-spinal system creates in a "barren sea" finite gods, finite achievements. Titanic undertakings but with temporary results only.

The fruits of this Kronos-Rhea wedlock: 1st, the child Hera, i. e., the ecstasy of Divine emotions by way of the third sex or psychic crystal division. 2. Child Hades or Hell, which is the effect caused by wrong direction of the fire Divine emanating from the divided psychic crystal. 3. Child Poseidon, the ruler of the sea, the veil of Isis or luminous ether. He represents the female Hormone embedded in the moisture of the etheric gas or element, the protector of the immaculate conception.

A sculptor of hoary antiquity put in his left hand (Poseidon) the trident (fish-spear), the one-pointed end of this spear is resting near his left foot, suggesting that his understanding symbolized by the feet which are the receiver of magnetic forces are controlled by the one-pointedness of his mind, i. e., knowledge of how to divide the psychic crystal. The powerful lines indicating his outer garment disappear over his left shoulder which are in perfect rhythm with the upward spiral on the staff of the spear. This harmonious movement is in perfect rhythm with the psychic crystal dividing third force in man, the precessional force.

The whole figure suggests the 45 degree backward stroke over the left shoulder of this force ending as it were in the appearance of the fish in his right hand. Symbolizing also the mystic fertility of the third or inner sex of the sign of Pisces.

The last offspring was Zeus—"The sire of God and man." The dawn of the polarized soul to be born within the rhythm of man's three fundamental forces, which is in the para-sympathetic nervous system plus its psychic crystal dividing precessional force, which is between the two other systems or "crosses." On the cerebro-spinal "cross" hangs Kronos who will not submit to the master (Zeus) who suffers on the para-sympathetic "cross" while on the other side hangs Rhea, equal the sympathetic "cross" who is promised to be with the master (Zeus) in paradise on account of her willingness to submit to transmutation out of which emanates Hera, i.e., emotions divine.

Kronos his own name (Time) would in "due time" dethrone his consciousness. He remembered the prophecy that he also should be destroyed when the time was ripe or Zeus had grown to manhood, which means the opening of the sagittarial plexus near the solar plexus.

It must be understood here that Kronos represents psychic crystal division by mental effort, while Zeus is the Living example of it. One is mental Beauty, the other being "IT."

For the time being Zeus was hiding so that he could not be swallowed by Kronos, as he had done the other children. But why did he swallow the others? Because as soon as a Kronos or any other mind has the conscious knowledge of the division of the psychic crystal, all centers in the human body take on a tinge of spirituality when in the ecstasy of expression. The temporary infinite glory thus liberated belongs to the glory of Zeus—the eternal soul polarized in the para-sympathetic system—and not to finite Kronos polarized falsely in the cerebro-spinal system, which is Lucifer.

Kronos was willing and could accept lower passions instead of Divine all-engulfing emotions, including his lower consciousness, hence he swallowed Hera, or forced Divine emotions to glorify his passions.

He could accept all kinds of Hell and damnation as long as he was allowed to be the master of all and everything tended to his own lower aggrandizement, hence he "swallowed" Aides.

He could accept procreation instead of Phoenix like, rise out of the ashes of an immaculate conception to become a conscious God in Paradise, hence he "swallowed" Poseidon. Thus he is the Pharisee who dislikes Christ.

But in due time his own higher emotions turned against him. Rhea, who instead of giving him the child, Zeus, to swallow, she gave him a stone. This is: True happiness is only for the immortal soul. The stone here is the undivided psychic crystal out of which would emanate Zeus or Christ consciousness.

The sagittarial plexus will not open (Kundaline) unless with every act and word the consciousness of Kronos (lower mind) is lost in the glory of expression and in the climaxing ecstasy the consciousness of Zeus or the polarized soul magically occupies the Divine conscious realm, temporarily or lastingly depending upon the spiritual evolutionary stage of the Kronos in question.

To Lucifer, Kronos or any lower mind the Sagittarial plexus will forever be a stone instead of a Zeus or Christ. It is Golgatha and salvation for the sympathetic polarization. It is forever Golgatha and oblivion for the cerebro-spinal polarization. It is Golgatha and Paradise for the para-sympathetic polarization. When finally Gea, i.e., his inner purity and the immemorial righteousness of his soul make him give up the stone (or open his Sagittarial plexus) the other children likewise regained their evolutionary status of pure expression. That is, his inner crystal division affected Kronos so strongly that it ultimately swept his consciousness out of existence and was replaced by that of Zeus.

This then marked the beginning of the regime of Zeus. The beginning of feeling instead of knowing. But no sooner was Zeus at the helm and wedded to Hera new trouble arose. For Zeus—the polarized soul in the para-sympathetic system let creep into his unoccupied cerebro-spinal system Titanic thoughts of scoff and disbelief, accusing him of intrusion and other fallacies. A peace parley made things worse, whereupon Zeus released the hundred handed and attacked them (Titans). Once released, the many-handed giants hurled huge rocks at the foe until the sky was darkened while Zeus cast thunderbolt after thunderbolt, thus defeating the Titans. Which means: With the help of his gigantic power generated by his sense of beauty, he divided crystal after crystal and the glory emanating from this mass division would thunder forth and darken the opinion or vision (sky) of his adversaries, thus destroying the Titanic thought of slender (Pharisees). The regime of Zeus still seemed insecure since (Gea) his unoccupied sympathetic nervous system had borne to Tataros (hell) of selfish gratification and aggrandizement a "son," a monster called (typhon) the demon of the whirlwind who had upon his shoulders a hundred serpent heads, his voice was like those of all formidable beasts in one: from his eyes there flashed out fire.

He thus assailed Zeus and would have been the victor had not the Lord of Lords come down from on high and destroyed the monster with a similar yet by far bigger and more powerful thunderbolt than that of Zeus. (My devotees never perish)—Gita.

Which means: a Hundred serpent heads or selfish tendencies are forever crowding around our inspirational power (Mercury) trying to find recognition and satisfaction. (Characteristic of the Sign of Gemini.)

(*Continued on page 32*)

WHEELS OF

By JOHN

Cast of Characters:

Inspector Enfield, head of the International Police at New York.

Mr. E. J. Curzon, editor of the News, a great daily paper.

Milton O'Day, News reporter and traveler.

Sergeant Ralph Blair, ex-marine Sergeant.

Professor Mailes and Professor Abel, professors of physics of the College of Technology.

Judy Palmer, niece of Prof. Mailes.

John Cousins, assistant to Prof. Abel.

Hum Sing, the expedition's cook.

Braley, international operator 9A.

Death Valley Slim, desert guide.

Cupid, office boy at the News.

Gray and Davis, international guards.

Madam X, teacher and friend of Miss Palmer.

Mr. X, teacher, guide and host.

(*Continued from February*)

WHEN the reporter said these magic words, he almost immediately found himself standing on the edge of a great valley, beside the guide. The colors of the vegetation and birds here were finer than any he had seen on earth; lush meadows, carpeted with many vari-colored flowers of rich hues were bisected by a meandering stream which was bordered by many flowering trees; brilliant plumaged birds busied themselves about the trees and shrubs, and made orchestration with their melodious songs. Nearby stood a cottage with flower-bordered lawns and strange looking shrubs artistically placed.

"This is the abiding place of one who was a great operatic artist on earth during the last century," said Mr. X. "Here, her artistic cravings are entirely gratified and her slightest wish becomes an actuality; the good law gives back to her in kind, pleasures she accorded others in earth-life. Her simple Heaven, merely an abiding place until her artist's soul is satiated, when she will pass on to more enduring rewards. She is not alone here either for her craving for children is satisfied and her pent-up mother love finds a beautiful outlet."

"It's a revelation to me, and still I am not surprised greatly," said O'Day.

"Would it be all right for me to call on Miss Palmer now?" he asked his guide.

"Yes! Miss Palmer is in the best of spirits and—"

The guide's voice trailed away into nothingness, as did the landscape, and the man found himself in the presence of Judy, at the castle.

"Is your name, by any chance, 'Aladdin?' " she asked him with a laugh.

"No, he had a lamp and ring and I have neither," he answered, as he folded her to his breast.

"Then you must be the 'jinni,' " she joked.

"In that case, what are your wishes, madam?" he asked in mock seriousness.

"Just a kiss, kind jinni," and she held her face up to him.

O'Day noticed that Judy stood in a luminous oval that extended about three feet on all sides outward, from her physical shape; he stood back and surveyed her at a distance of several yards; she resembled some ethereal thing of great beauty, and there were the seven wheels flashing irridescently their beautiful colors; the oval also gave forth its colors which were constantly changing with every thought and desire.

"Forgive me for fooling you at the ray-shaft?" she asked contritely.

"Of course, that goes without saying."

"My guide and teacher, Madam X, has taken me to the shaft to see the Sergeant, and we found him telling the guards some Alaskan stories, but we could not make him hear us and he could not see us, it seems."

"So you, too, have a guide and teacher?" he said.

"Yes, a very beautiful woman, who has been the soul of kindness to me since I first awoke in this large room."

They exchanged confidences and each related their experiences to the other; O'Day glossed over the gruesome events of the caves and their inhabitants and interested the girl with vivid descriptions of the heavenly valley that he and Mr. X had visited.

"Madame X has told me many things that seem almost unbelievable about some of the places and beings that inhabit them," said Judy.

"She is so honest, that I cannot doubt her word, somehow. In one place she says that there is a tribe of people living who have asses' heads, with their great long ears."

"I believe that, in the light of my own experiences," said O'Day.

"My teacher also tells me that if I do not fear anything, that nothing can harm me."

"Do you believe her?"

"Yes, especially as you have practically told me the same thing yourself."

"You were very brave to enter the ray-shaft," he told her.

"That was because I would rather die than be separated from you," she whispered.

Later he said: "We have almost completely forgotten the reason for our being here."

"So we have, but not entirely, because I asked Madam X and she told me that they were all here and that I could see 'Uncle Wallace' at any time. 'Uncle Wallace' is Prof. Mailes."

"Did she tell you anything more about the expedition?"

"No."

"In that case, I feel that it is my duty to tell you that they were all killed when they entered the shaft, and this includes Braley and his guide as well."

"I don't feel so badly about it since I have seen some of the inside workings of a higher world," said the girl bravely.

"Spoken like the brave soldier that you are," he told her.

"I wish that we had some way to communicate with the Sergeant, so that he wouldn't start worrying about us, for he is a good old scout," said Judy, lapsing into the vernacular.

"I spoke to Mr. X about that, and told him of the code that we had arranged, and he smiled and said that the Sergeant wouldn't be worrying about us for some time yet; he assured me that when that time came that he would show me a way to communicate with him."

"I'm glad to hear that, it takes a big load off my mind."

O'Day took her by the hand and said: "Let's see if we can find your 'Uncle Wallace.' Think hard."

They quickly found him in a large earth laboratory. He and Prof. Abel were watching some experiments being conducted with light-ray apparatus. Prof. Mailes did not see them for a minute or so; he and Prof. Abel were talking about the work and did not notice their silent appearance on the scene. He had difficulty in responding to the girl's greeting, so great was his surprise in seeing her there before him. After she had kissed him upon both cheeks, his confusion immediately gave way to delight.

"Well, if it isn't 'Little Judy,' and how does it come that we can talk to each other, and these others," and he indicated the laboratory workers, "cannot?" he asked.

"First, let me introduce Mr. O'Day; this is Uncle Wallace," said Judy. The men shook hands and an introduction to Prof. Abel followed.

"What I and Prof. Abel cannot comprehend is: That these fellows here have paid no attention to us since we have returned; we have been totally ignored, snubbed and generally insulted by every man on the staff. "Why!" he stated indignantly, "Even the faculty members refuse to talk to us."

"I think I can enlighten you on that score," said O'Day. "It's true that you and Prof. Abel headed an expedition—"

"Sh-h-h," warned Uncle Wallace, placing a finger upon his lips. "If you are going to talk about that, come into my office where we will be alone."

THE GODS

ADAMS, JR.

Once in the office he said: "It's true that we led such an expedition but there was something inexplainable happened to it. It disappeared, men, animals, supplies and all equipment. Just what happened to it, Prof. Abel and I have been unable to decide and I have not been able to figure out several other strange things in connection with its disappearance."

"Prepare yourselves, gentlemen, for a severe shock. I might as well tell you now and end your present troubles."

"Let us hear the worst," said Prof. Mailes, Prof. Abel nodding assent.

"Gentlemen, at the point in the desert where your memory of the others ends, *you were all killed.*" The scientists both laughed at this remark.

"I'll prove it, if either of you two men will go to that wall and try to walk through it."

"Agreed," said Prof. Abel. He walked to the wall, smiling skeptically, but he passed through it. A moment later he returned the same way. "You must be right," he said resuming his seat.

"That accounts for the reason that you were both unable to communicate with the people here. They cannot see or hear you; you can hear their conversations but they cannot hear yours. All four of us here," and he indicated Judy and himself, "are functioning in the fourth dimensional world."

"That's correct," shouted Prof. Mailes excitedly. "I understand everything now."

"It is a natural law," said O'Day, "that any member or inhabitant of any world can see and become aware of life and form in dimensions lower than their own natural one, but that they cannot become aware of life and order in a higher one, while occupying a lower world body, this is subject to certain modifications, however, that it is impossible to explain here, and are irrelevant to the subject."

"What happened to the expedition?" asked Prof. Abel.

"Quite by accident, it happened to traverse a spot, the only one on the earth so exposed, through which the earth receives energizing rays of great intensity; these rays instantly dissipated the physical forms of every member of the expedition and every physical thing connected with it."

"I never expected that death could be like this," came from Prof. Mailes. "How does it come that Judy is here. Are you dead also?" he asked.

"No, Uncle Wallace, Mr. O'Day and I are not dead in the sense that you mean; our physical forms are sleeping and we are connected with them by these bright cords; can you not see them?" she asked.

"Yes, it is plain to see that Prof. Abel and I have no such cords," he answered. "I have read somewhere about such a connection between the bodies, but I always thought that such writings were the work of cranks, and so gave the matter little consideration."

"I would suggest that you both come with Judy and me to our sanctuary, where I am sure that you will be well cared for and receive enlightenment upon questions that are bound to puzzle you."

In a moment's time they were in the great stone room, where the two old professors were taken under the care of the resourceful and kindly Mr. X while Judy sought the company of her friend and teacher, Madam X.

O'Day decided to go forth upon a tour of his own; not knowing exactly where he wanted to go, he walked out of one of the doors and found himself in a garden; he followed a path which led to a small ravine in the bottom of which ran a small stream of water; below in the distance he could see a lake which was evidently fed by the stream. Looking back at the house he saw that it was a large hillside affair of two stories. The lower floor contained the rooms with which he was familiar; a red roof matched ideally the setting; a wide upper balcony ran the whole length of the upper story on the canon side and the railing was festooned with a mass of brilliant flowers. A lower open porch with a stone flagging floor complemented the upper balcony, below. The hills about were wooded and thickly populated with many beautiful birds.

A well worn path led past the end of the garden walk. O'Day decided to walk down toward the lake and as he walked slowly along he was enthralled with the view that began opening up before him. He came to a little house, open on the lake side with a seat for those who might like to stop and admire the view, which was very pretty from this point.

The reporter decided that he would bring Judy here to see the view before they returned to earth life.

Suddenly, the guide and mentor, Mr. X stood before him. "I thought I would find you here," he said, smiling kindly.

He was not wearing his cross, O'Day thought. "Did you get the professors straightened out?" he asked him.

"Yes, they are now resigned to their fate, but what I have come to tell you is that Miss Palmer has gone away against my advice."

"Gone away?"

"Yes, but there is no cause for alarm; I've come to take you to her and she is in no danger," he added smiling.

"I feel much better and consign myself to your guidance."

"We will go at once, but I want to ask you something bearing upon the subject; you were not acquainted with Miss Palmer's past to any great extent, were you?"

"No, and I can hardly see how that would have any bearing upon her disappearance."

"Let us go to her and you will see how it has," he said.

They were soon standing at the entrance to a squat building in the heart of a city. The guide pushed open the door and they entered a long hallway which ran down one side of the building; to the right doors gave access to rooms most of which were empty; at the end of the hall, a large room occupied the entire width of the structure; it was filled with as motley a crowd as the reporter ever remembered having seen collected in one place.

He reasoned that if Judy had come to this place that she must be in danger. A great number of tables sat haphazard about the room and each one was crowded with roisterers of both sexes. An orchestra was playing one of the latest jazz pieces and a boy and girl were singing some sort of maudlin song in keeping to the music, if such it could be called.

A small stage occupied one corner of the place; none of the inmates paid the slightest attention to the two men as they threaded their way through the crowded room.

"Let's sit here," said Mr. X indicating a vacant table with two chairs near the stage.

They sat down as the orchestra struck up a new tune; this time it was a rhumba; there was a terrific stamping of feet that shook the building on its foundations, this from the audience, in keeping with the rhythm of the music; a short, fat-jowled man, with little piggish eyes and wearing a red vest came out from behind a pair of very dirty curtains and in a loud voice requested the audience to refrain from stamping; they thereupon stamped all the more until the orchestra finally stopped playing. When comparative quiet was restored, this person announced that some special talent would offer the treat of a genuine rhumba dance and asked them further to please refrain from the stamping. He retired behind the curtains amid applause and more stamping. The orchestra struck up the dance again, when from behind the curtains came a colored boy, a mulatto; he wore a pair of ragged trousers that had been hacked off just below the knees and an old blue work shirt, open at the neck; back and forth, he danced across the stage, when from behind the folds of the soiled curtain came another dancer, a white girl, wearing a red blouse and short skirt of checked cloth;

(*Continued on page 32*)

The Key to Happiness

By JACOB GOLDWASSER

THE spiritual sphere of existence contains the clear field. Once the spiritual sphere has been reached, the human emotions vibrate intensely in the higher centers. Perpetual happiness, supreme function of the faculties entail the superior existence.

There are no calls from the background once the field becomes clear. Adaptation and some unexplained conditions of toleration cause some diseased areas to remain diseased, thus interfering with the clear field. Once these are removed the state of exhilaration appears, which is the perpetual condition of the clear field. It is the physical with the unfavorable factors removed which must become a good conductor for the vibratory power transmitted by the spirit.

When discussing the frame of man we wish to point out another significant factor in the regeneration program. Tissue which has become diseased may have some portions that have reached the death state. The diseased portions which have reached the death state are of course impossible to regenerate, but those portions which have in their confines the pulse of life, even in the weakest stages, can be fanned into an intense flame. There must be hope, eternally, so long as life pulsates in the form.

Living is Painless. There is exquisite joy in simply living. Pain and sorrow arise from the false accumulations. The clear field has been interfered with. God Nature controls the laws of the Universe in its lawful operation. Human nature has interfered. Man can think as he pleases, eat whenever he chooses, despoil material with his hands, use material for his many pleasures, talk for himself, etc., without God interfering.

We were not put here to acquire certain material things. When you attempt to acquire the many things thought necessary and advocated by our rank materialists, you become the slave. Perfect freedom becomes elusive. To be contented with what one has, to be at peace with one's self inwardly and outwardly, to perfect the human frame so that it may possess the highest degree of health, are some exercises one must indulge in and which will lead to the road of happiness.

As we have failed by interfering with the painless existence, by reason of the fact that this painless condition prevailed when we commenced and with intelligence it can remain so, we must remove the false accumulations so far as possible and we must also change our mental outlook; in other words, reeducate ourselves.

Our program does not consist of some phase in our materialistic existence alluded to as propaganda for certain interests. We are not purposely telling you to be contented with little so that the big fellow may be safe in his holdings. We are merely analyzing the condition from a physiological standpoint and it must reveal the big fellow with his vast holdings as an unhappy creature. He has not reached his goal in life and his purpose for living shall never bring him to the road of happiness.

There is exquisite pleasure is ease

(*Continued on page 31*)

Is It Telepathy?

By JESSIE KENYON

TELEPATHY"—so the dictionary tells us—"is the transference of thought from one person to another by the exercise of the will." But is it?

In view of personal experiences which I will give you, it seems to me a more logical explanation is that each one of us lives on a path of continuous vibration, along which we move, and by means of which, under certain conditions, we contact other chains of vibration and receive foreshadowing of coming events.

We meet people. We know them for a few days—possibly a few of them we know through our entire lifetime—and from each passing contact we receive something. A word, a thought, a little help—a bit of comfort and sympathy; and these things we add to our own lives to build up a perfect whole.

But that thing we call a "hunch," a "presentiment," "second-sight." Ah! In that we contact the chain of spiritual vibration, the things unseen, the delicate substance, too fine to be visible, yet ever present for our use when we understand how.

However, actual experiences in contacting this substance are more interesting than conjecture.

Years ago, when going with the man I eventually married, it was a very common thing for us to be writing to each other at the same hour (although miles apart) and later find we had asked and answered questions as though speaking together. That could, of course, be explained by mutual affection and sympathy. But what about this?

On the 11th of February, 1937, I was sitting alone beside the radio at twilight, listening to soft music. Suddenly I became aware of danger and saw this picture. There was a high, sloping object like the slope of a hill and from it fell a swirling mass that fell down, down and vanished in what looked like tall grass. On the 17th of February the safety net suspended underneath the Golden Gate bridge broke in exactly the same way and place as I saw the tangled mass fall, carrying a number of workmen to death beneath the waves. Had I been trained to interpret this vision I might have saved those lives, but being prairie born and raised, sloping hills were more natural than sloping bridge towers, and waving grass naturally superseded thoughts of ocean waves.

On March 5th I was visiting a dear old lady and as we sat in her living room talking of many things I felt impelled to cry out: "O Mrs. ——, wait a minute; something strange is happening here!" And as we sat in the silence a large boat seemed to drift from one side of the room, float gently, yet powerfully, across the space and vanish into a thick fog. Then I felt, rather than heard, a loud noise. My friend and I laughed about it and wondered if I was having hallucinations. The next day, March 6th, a large passenger steamer did collide in a dense fog with an oil tanker in the Golden Gate in just the manner in which I saw them.

Only a few days ago a silly little tune began running through my head and my son came into the room, took his harmonica from his pocket and began playing at exactly the same note I was holding in my mind. I have had this musical experience several times when I turned on some radio program in the midst of a song I was humming and found the station playing the same selection.

These "shadows of coming events" appear when I am quiet and relaxed, thinking of nothing in particular, and surely not making an effort to "will" my thoughts to any particular point. While these experiences amount to nothing in themselves, they must point the way toward a new science which we may some day be able to interpret and use constructively and at will.

Poets' Page

Revelation
by ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

A man knows not
The urging of his soul,
Until he reaches
That unfailing goal,
Where, in the mirror
Of Eternal grace,
He meets his startled
Ego, face to face.

A Long Time and Together
by LESLIE B. WYNNE

When the winging suns began their flight,
When the planets first began their song in the morning,
What were we doing, I wonder, you and I?
It is all so long ago that I cannot remember;
But this much you may know for certain: we were there,
Yes, we were there a long time, and together.

What matters now what troubled us in archaic days,
Or in proterozoic time that ever we were happy?
Did the joy of personality obtrude in Cambrian seas,
Or the fear of dissolution in Devonian lands, could we remember?
But serenely from those far times we came to our places here,
Though we were there a long time, and together.

Pleasant memories may fade when death wipes clean the slate.
Yes, but memories too that we would forget, are they not blotted?
We are all one with the Infinite, every one of us;
And to Him there's no forgetting when we cease to remember.
But growing through our experience, He sends us here;
And we shall be here a long time, and together.

Out of Infinite Spirit, again and again, we groping figures come;
Into Infinite Spirit we constantly return like silted rivers.
Yesterday and yesterday, a fresh start, we emerged into life;
Tomorrow and tomorrow we re-emerge, though we may not remember.
And until the fires of the last star grow dark, we shall be here;
Yes, we shall be here a long time, and together.

The Near and Far of It!
by PAUL JANS

Losing, at times, both health and wealth
How far goes the wanderer to find himself
While, how close! happiness comes to him
Who has found, at home, his Seraphim.

Haunted Highway
by JEANNETTE EUGENIE CUSHING

Life is a haunted highway, a road of vain regrets,
Where each hope of a bright tomorrow, fades slowly as the sun sets

Behind the snow-crowned mountains and so on its appointed way
To bring to another people, their mirage of a happier day—

Lively we start down the highway, laughing and singing a tune,
But along the way something happens, and the Tempo changes too soon.

And before we know it, the scherzo has turned into a funeral dirge,
And our steps grow slower and slower, until into the shadows we merge.

Prophecy
by ELEANOR HUGHES

There is a veil beyond which I can see
The unknown lands of higher prophecy.

I walk in paths unmarked by human feet.
I touch events that in the Future meet

At crossroads undecided, but by will
Of free souls turning to the right or still

Continuing a course along the left,
Till Time shall prove them of all truth bereft.

There is a veil and who should know but I,
Swathed in a caul and born to prophesy;

To venture far into the realms unknown,
To bring back Truth to mortals, not a stone.

But ears are deaf and eyes are blind on earth,
Until their souls awaken to new birth.

Silence
by R. M. MACALPIN

Past and future circulate—revolve—become as one!
Deeds of future days appear as deeds already done;
Dreams of yesterday become the dreams that are to be;
Time is Now; the only point where Truth unfolds in me.

Here is there; no to-and-fro commotion stirs my soul!
This is that; there are no parts—I am myself the whole.
I am you, and this, and that, and here and there, and Now!
That I am; it matters nothing who nor why nor how.

The Trail of the Silence
by PERI PATEIN
(*The Prospector-Poet*)

To pass some canyon wall, or bend,
At times the trail must needs ascend
The mountain-side, and there 'tis made
A pillared aisle, through forest shade.
It's quiet here, no sound is heard,
Not even the chirrup of a bird,
Save that there comes, as in a dream,
The distant murmur of the stream.

Here, undisturbed by outer noise,
The soul may find a calmer poise,
And catch, but dimly though it be,
The music of eternity,
The waves of harmony that roll,
Broadcasting courage to man's soul,
A radio from the Soul of All
That animates this earthly ball,
Pervading all the realms of space,
And holding starry hosts in place.

Reception here is better far
Than midst the city's grind and jar.
And static here is far less loud.

Reciting prayer, or creed, or tract
Gods of tradition to contact,
The priests of old, so history tells,
"Went in the Silence," in their cells.
Let us "Go in the Silence" here,
With faith in Nature, broad and clear!
Let us be free from every creed,
Save that to human souls, in need,
Her Author came His comfort give.
He gave us life. He bids us live.
Tune in with all eternity,
And let our souls receptive be,
Be conscious of the glorious place
That's ours to fill, in Time and Space.
And comfort comes on wings of Thought,
And troubles vanish and are not.

Nitor in Adversum

(*I Press Forward to the Opposite Side*)

By JEANNETTE EUGENIE CUSHING

WHAT am I, who am I, whence came I, and whither do I go? I am unable to answer, but this I do know. What I am, that I must be: Stripping off all pretense, all layers of enwrapping pink cotton, I—am—myself: And underneath all false ideas, all false illusions, the real self is making what may prove to be its last stand, to express what is within it. At present I am called to demonstrate my deep love for this beautiful world in which I find nature, all-admirable, and humanity, not so admirable.

The whole world is seeking happiness, and yet, what is happiness?

Sages and philosophers cannot agree upon a definition, for happiness is a chameleon, changing color with each of its wearers.

To some it is a state of passive content, being free from pain, free from debt, having a sufficiency of money for all material needs and a little left over for simple amusements.

These are truly happy. But to those who hunger after the pomp and glories of the world, true happiness hides her face and though they may seek her, she will flee them. Turn your back upon the man-made world, go out into the sunshine of God's world; is not the daily spectacle of the cloud-strewn sky, as free for the beggar as the millionaire?

The stars and the moon, do they not shine for all?

Can you not listen to the murmur of the sea as its tides rise and fall?

Do you not hear the night wind sighing through the pines—the Nightingale's song of love?

Is not the scent of roses the same for all?

Psychic Faculty and Criminology

By DR. A. TANAGRAS

(*President, Greek Society for Psychical Research*)

THE first attempt to introduce the knowledge gained by the study of psychic phenomena to students of criminology in Greece was made about 1926, when the Grecian S.P.R. invited the chief of police to attend a number of seances. The outcome of this was that it was decided to make use of psychic science in conjunction with police work.

Psychometry

Four classes of mediumship were introduced under the headlines of Psychometry, Telepathy, Clairvoyance, and Post Hypnotic Suggestion, all of which have been valuable at some time or another as a means of assisting the Greek C.I.D. in the various branches of their activity.

It will be remembered that the American investigator, Dr. Buchanan, coined the term "Psychometry," and it was he who asserted that individuals impregnate all their possessions with emanations which he named "Epipsychidion" —a term not widely used today.

Dr. Fischer, Professor of Psychiatry at the Prague University, made use of this psychometrical faculty in experiments conducted with the famous graphologist, Rafael Schermann, who, either by looking at or touching a letter, was able to describe the appearance of the writer, his immediate surroundings, social and business activities, etc.

Murder Investigated

An interesting case was reported in Konigsberg, when Mme. Gunter-Geffers was approached by the police, who were investigating a murder case.

It appears that a maid had been murdered, and although several suspects had been apprehended, the evidence was not strong enough to support a conviction.

The medium was given an object belonging to the unfortunate girl, and she entered the room where the crime had been committed; in a state of light trance, she re-enacted the quarrel between the girl and an unknown man, described how he struck her three times, placed the body on the bed, set fire to it in order to destroy the evidence of his guilt, and then fled.

Eventually a man named Kudlich confessed to the crime and confirmed in detail the statements made by the medium.

Clairvoyance is not, perhaps, as widely used in police work as its sister faculty—psychometry—although there are known cases where the clairvoyant has rendered valuable assistance in the detection of crime and criminals.

Turning to telepathy, the Greek S.P.R. has had remarkable success with this phase of mediumship, working in collaboration with Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna, and so on. This faculty operates over a wide field, as was instanced in the discovery of the body of a man near Kapoutsides guarded by his four dogs.

Two individuals were suspected, and arrested; a few days later the dead man appeared to his brother in a dream and said, "The wrong men have been arrested; they did not kill me. It was another man (described) who committed the crime. You will find he was severely bitten by the dogs, and has great difficulty in concealing the wounds."

This information was communicated to the authorities, who detained the man described, and found he had been bitten by the dogs as described. Eventually the charge was brought home to him.

Tracing a Thief

Here we have a linking up of the victim, his brother and the criminal, along telepathic channels which proved to be the downfall of the latter.

The application of telepathy to criminology consists mainly of a form of interrogation by an interested person. The following case is an example of this system:

Mr. Venetis, a passenger on the liner *Cephallenie*, found that one of his bags had been opened and he had been relieved of a number of valuables, as well as a considerable sum of money. The information was communicated to the police, who were unable to do anything.

Venetis engaged Mlle. Helen Zakynthinou, a well-known medium, who told him that "The robbery occurred between two and three in the morning. The thieves were two men (described). The stolen goods were concealed in a chimney. At five o'clock in the morning they left the boat, boarded a tram on Route 20, and at the terminus they were met by two women—one young, one elderly."

This information was passed to the authorities, who traced the two men mentioned, recovered the stolen property, and found that the finger-prints on the bag corresponded with those of the two criminals. Thus was the case completed by a medium who was able to "tune in" to someone possessing the knowledge necessary before the thieves could be traced.

I was present at an experiment conducted by the Budapest police, who engaged Johann Kele, the best medium in Budapest, in order to determine the motive which prompted a young actress to attempt to commit suicide. She refused to reveal the motive, and was in an hysterical state, continually weeping.

(*Continued on page 30*)

A WARNING OF DEATH

By LAVERNE BROWN PRICE

SEVERAL years ago, in late October, I received a message to the effect that my dear mother was very ill and I left at once for my home town to be with her. As the institution in which she was a patient was crowded I stayed at the home of a cousin, spending as much time with my mother as possible.

One night, after a particularly trying day, I went to bed early and was soon in the deep sleep of utter exhaustion. Suddenly I was awakened by a sharp crack as of two boards struck smartly together and distinctly felt a dash of cold air over my head. My first thought was that something had struck the head of my bed, an old-fashioned, high wooden bed that had been in my cousin's family for years. So strong was this feeling that I took the flashlight from beneath my pillow and turned it on the head of the bed—I wouldn't have been surprised, in fact, I half expected to see a long crack in the wood, but it was intact. Then came a cracking, snapping sound, like a brisk wind blowing a closed blind at an open window. My flashlight showed the blinds perfectly quiet, the windows were closed; I had forgotten to open them. With a strange feeling, half fear, half awe, I heard that noise pass to all the windows in succession, from my room to the parlor, then on to the dining room where it ceased at the outside door. After a few minutes of utter silence I turned on the lights and went from room to room, finding absolutely nothing out of the ordinary. In his crib by my bed my nine-month-old baby slept soundly; a mild snore from the upper stairway region testified that my cousin's family heard nothing, it was too early in the year for frost to make the house crack, as houses sometimes do—I couldn't explain it, I only knew it happened. Ten days later my mother died, her bed caught fire from overheated bricks and *she was burned to death!*

"The Ways of Saints"

By HORACE GIAQUINTA

THE warm sun crept into the dingy room of Pietro Ansaldi. He was snoring audibly, not seeming to mind the noise of crying and screaming children that came from the other room. The swishing of water and the rattle of dishes resounded through the old rumbling shack as the more industrious wife of Pietro Ansaldi was getting breakfast together.

"Pietro . . . Pietro. Are you ever going to get up?" came the shrill voice of Angelina as the clatter of dishes was silent for a moment. Still no answer—but a continued rhythmic snoring could be heard from the bedroom. The door opened with a bang and the rather large form of Angelina filled the doorway.

"Madre di Dio!! Pietro—get up!!" She flung out her hands exasperatingly and then pulled the covers from the body of her husband who was still sleeping peacefully. His snoring changed to grunts as she shook his rotund body roughly. His eyes fluttered open. "Eh! What! Per Bacco!! What is it?" he exploded.

"Get up you lazy luggard. It is past seven o'clock and you have to be in Francelli's vineyard at eight," she shouted in his ear.

"Oh, work, work—that is all I do," he reminisced with a disgusted look.

His face suddenly lighted up. "Angelina, I had a most beautiful dream. I dreamed that San Francisco of Paola came to me and told me to go to Mount Lauro and I would find my fortune there. It must be a treasure." His face beamed at her benignly, but soon changed his expression as Angelina gave him a sharp cuff on the left ear. "You good-for-nothing 'scimonitto.' Always thinking of a way to live without working. Treasure—indeed. Get dressed—and hurry or you will be late."

She walked out of the room shaking her head and muttering to herself on what an unfortunate woman she was for ever marrying such a loafer. Pietro sadly got out of bed holding his injured ear tenderly in his hand and put on his clothes with an expression of hurt dignity.

His six children were already seated around the table eating their bread and milk noisily. Pietro sat down with a long face opposite his wife. He soon became cheerful again as he began to enjoy his breakfast. It wasn't his nature to remain glum for long, being the carefree soul that is found so common among the peasant folks of southern Sicily. "Hurry up, Pietro, or you will be late," his wife reminded him, "and don't waste time looking for your silly treasure on the way."

"But I tell you, Angelina—San Francisco came to me for the third time and told me to go to Mount Lauro today or I would lose it." He insisted meekly, ready to duck any missile she might throw his way.

"Mio Dio," she screamed, "will you let your children and me starve so that you can waste a day gallivanting through the country after a dream. You not only waste money on candles to light for San Francisco, but you will even loaf. What good has all your candles done for us? Why doesn't he get you a good steady job? Madre di Dio, I will break that stupid head of yours if you do not get to work."

Pietro got up hurriedly and dashed for the door but not before he caught a pot on the back of his head. He trudged sorely along the dusty road as he felt of the fast growing bump where the pot had hit him. When he reached the stream near Mount Lauro he stopped to bathe his aching head in the cool water. "Per Bacco! San Francisco will yet vindicate me. Angelina cannot treat me this way and not regret it when he gives me the treasure and I become rich." And so, mumbling to himself he took the road up the hill instead of the one leading to his cousin's vineyard.

The sun was getting hot by the time he reached the top and he was perspiring profusely. His fat red face was redder and the perspiration drenched his shirt. But he was happy as he reached his goal at the crossroads at the top of the hill. This was the supposedly meeting ground of all the witches and it was whispered about that all the witches from Buccheri and Monte Rosso met here on All-Souls Day and conversed with the Devil. Pietro being somewhat credulous and religious had some qualms as he stopped to meditate.

"Per Bacco! What kind of a fool am I to be afraid. Did not San Francisco of Paola tell me to come here? Did I not light candles to him? I am sure nothing will harm me for he is surely here guarding me." But he was grateful it was daylight and that San Francisco had not told him to come at midnight as he had often heard tell when treasure was to be had.

Now that he was here what should he do? San Francisco had told him he would find his fortune here, but he had not told him where he was to dig. But then he must do something, he thought. He opened his working sack and took out a shovel. "Now if I had a treasure to hide where would I bury

(*Continued on page 24*)

A Moonlight Tryst in Dreamy Draw

By ADELAIDE M. TWEED

DR. PAUL FRANKLIN had suddenly decided to leave New Haven. Constance had broken their engagement. His heart craved love.

"After all," he mused, "why should I linger around since the break is final? Out west I shall find greater opportunity for service and . . . who knows . . . perhaps real love; the love that is changeless; that comes through service; wholly unselfish and satisfying."

Dr. Franklin, though reared in a Christian home by devout parents, had often challenged certain teachings of his early youth. He had often expressed his disbelief in life after death when discussing religion with his father; whereupon his father would predict that the doctor, in his practice would discover for himself, this truth. He had never dared question the teaching in the presence of his mother.

Two months later, Paul found himself settled in new offices in a southwestern town noted for its health-giving element. Seated in his office one night long after regular hours studying—he had specialized in diseases of the throat and lungs—he was startled by the ringing of the telephone. It was a call to a cottage on the desert. George Winsor, father of Margaret Winsor, asked him to call at once, stating that they had discharged their regular physician and asking that he call that evening.

It was one of those warm moonlight nights on the desert when the giant cacti casts its weird shadows and the Palo Verde trees are ablaze with blossoms of a golden hue; and the faint odor of the Night Blooming Cereus as it bursts into bloom at the foot of some Giant Saughaure conveys to the senses an unearthly impression.

In a tiny cottage in Dreamy Draw—a settlement for invalids in the foothills not far away—Margaret lay desperately ill. Margaret Winsor had been a deep student of biology, evolution and other scientific subjects with the usual result; the belief that death ends all. Her parents had gone out that evening leaving Margaret with the nurse; promising to return very soon. They had stopped to call Dr. Franklin and proceeded to a neighboring cabin to visit a few moments.

An hour later as the doctor stood in the doorway removing his gloves unobserved, he heard the girl suddenly cry out:

"Nurse . . . nurse . . . come quickly. . . . I'm dying." The doctor stepped forward; taking the small thin hand reassuringly he said softly: "You are not dying, you are only frightened."

"Nurse says there is no death; that I should not always be afraid. That's just it. Science has proved that death ends all. . . . I do not want to die. Father and mother have gone out and I'm afraid . . . do not let me die. . . . O, I'm frightened . . . please . . . please take me in your arms; hold me close; O! why does death end all?" sobbed the girl.

Bewildered, the doctor took the terror stricken girl in his arms and held her firmly while his mind groped wildly for words. It occurred to him that in some way her fear must be allayed; that he would argue on the opposite side.

"Quiet, little girl," he said gently. "How do you know that death ends all? I happen to know that it does nothing of the kind."

"Human reason and science prove it," feebly protested Margaret.

"Do you not know that human reason is totally inadequate in most things? That the simplest things about us every day cannot be answered by way of human reason? If it cannot answer these, how can we expect it to answer the 'riddle of the universe'?" argued the doctor. "Science knows nothing of cause. They speculate from effect, postulating cause. Calm yourself now and let's talk it over. Just lie still."

Clutching his arm wildly she cried, "Hold me until father comes; I want to feel life. Please hold me, I'm afraid."

Dr. Franklin, materialist, found himself trying to prove survival. As Margaret became calm he asked her if in her studies she had discovered just what life is. "No," answered Margaret. The strength of his arms and the fact that he, a strong, virile and intelligent man could believe in survival, together with her desire to live, helped her to feel that after all, there might be something to the theory of survival.

"Please lay me on the bed," she whispered, "I'm such a coward; I feel ashamed of myself."

"If you will just lie still and listen I'll tell you a story that proved to my satisfaction that we do survive this body. I did not understand it then."

"Do talk to me, doctor; I feel better already, only do not leave me until father comes."

"About two years ago," continued the doctor, "I was on vacation in New Mexico. I was traveling on horseback across a desert trail accompanied by a rough cowboy. The nature of our business was such that we should be in Albuquerque before night. We were riding along at a fast clip when my horse stumbled and I fell striking my head on a stone. I felt so strange, I tried to mount my horse; I could see him plainly and the cowboy too; he seemed preoccupied; he would not answer when I spoke; I was asking him what was wrong; I could not mount; I could not feel the saddle horn and my feet seemed to go right through the stirrup. After some time I became angry because of his indifference, and, with a sudden burst of rage I turned to see what he was staring at; there on the ground lay my body. It was not I, because I was looking at it. It was My body. All at once I lost sight of it. Instead I could see the cowboy bending over me and heard him saying: "Hey, Doc, you've been layin' there long enough. Wake up, we gotta git to Albuquerque by sundown."

"I said: 'I've been trying to get you started for the last ten minutes and you paid no attention to me. I was just going to examine you to see what was wrong with you.' "

"Like hell you have," declared the cowboy, "you've been knocked out for some time. You didn't know nothin'."

"I cannot figure it out," I said to myself as we rode along. I could not divert my thought from the incident; it persistently returned. I tried to figure it out but found no solution and there it rested until I saw you," he murmured remembering his father's prediction.

As he finished the story, Dr. Franklin noticed that the beautiful face had relaxed and a peaceful smile played around her mouth as she softly whispered: "Perhaps there is an after life. Will you come every day just to talk? You are so reassuring."

Mr. and Mrs. Winsor returned a few moments later. After a few words with the parents the young doctor bade them goodnight, cautioning his patient to sleep and fear nothing and with a strange feeling in his heart when Margaret whispered: "Come tomorrow and every day." Margaret began to improve under the tender care of the young doctor and all signs pointed to her recovery. Dr. Franklin was restless and uneasy except while at her bedside.

On a lovely spring morning, two months later, Margaret and the doctor were out for a stroll. They were laughing and talking merrily when suddenly she said: "I'll soon be all right, Doctor. I wish to see the night blooming Cereus in its native setting. Will you meet me there by the tall Sahuara when the moon is full? When it is just rising over the mountain? It will be three weeks from now."

"I'll meet you there, and I'll meet you many times before the next new moon," smiled the doctor as he took her delicate hand, raised it to his lips and whispered: "I love you, Margaret. I can no longer keep from telling you. When I held you to my heart and gave you life, something in me changed and I knew that I loved you. I now know that Love never dies."

"It was I who was unbelieving, my beloved, not you," murmured Margaret.

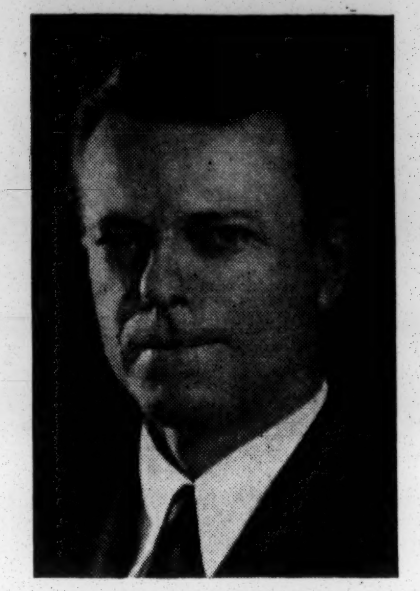
"O, my darling, hold me in your arms

(*Continued on page 26*)

Cyclopes Past and Present

By ELBERT BENJAMINE

President of The Church of Light



Elbert Benjamine

SAGITTARIUS is the constellation of the Higher Mind and of Religion. Lyra depicts the method by which this mind tunes in on higher planes of existence and responds to inspirational harmonies from such upper spheres; while Aquila represents the power of the soul to free itself from the limitations of physical environment and travel to inner worlds, there to search for information. We may expect the third decanate of the sign, therefore, where the Sun may be found from December 12 to December 22, to portray still another high mental activity; and this it does, for Sagitta relates to Illumination.

This constellation is represented by an arrow, apparently let fly by the celestial Archer. Swifter than the horse of the Bowman, swifter even than the Great Dog of the middle-decanate of the Lower Mind, Gemini, the Arrow symbolizes the speed of thought, its unswerving aim and its ability to strike the mark. As shafts of light penetrate the darkness, so do the higher powers of the soul pierce the clouds of illusion.

While the Sun is in this Arrow-decanate, the hours of darkness so increase that we have the shortest days of the year just at its end. Directly across the zodiac, where Gemini and Cancer join, is the decanate of the Giant Bear, typifying various other ancient giants such as the Cyclopes. These were the sons of Coelus and Terra, that is, of Heaven and earth. They were three in number: Arges, Brontes and Steropes, and they occupied themselves in Vulcan's workshop, where they forged the thunderbolts used by the king of the gods who benevolently rules the Sagittarian sign.

These thunderbolts, which thus they manufactured, represented, as yet they do to the Indians of our Southwest, the destructive use of the Scorpion's power instead of its constructive use, such as is denoted by the Eagle or Thunderbird. And the Cyclopes who forged them represent Reason, which is the Key-word of the decanate where the Sun climbs highest, the place in the zodiac pictured by the enormous Bear.

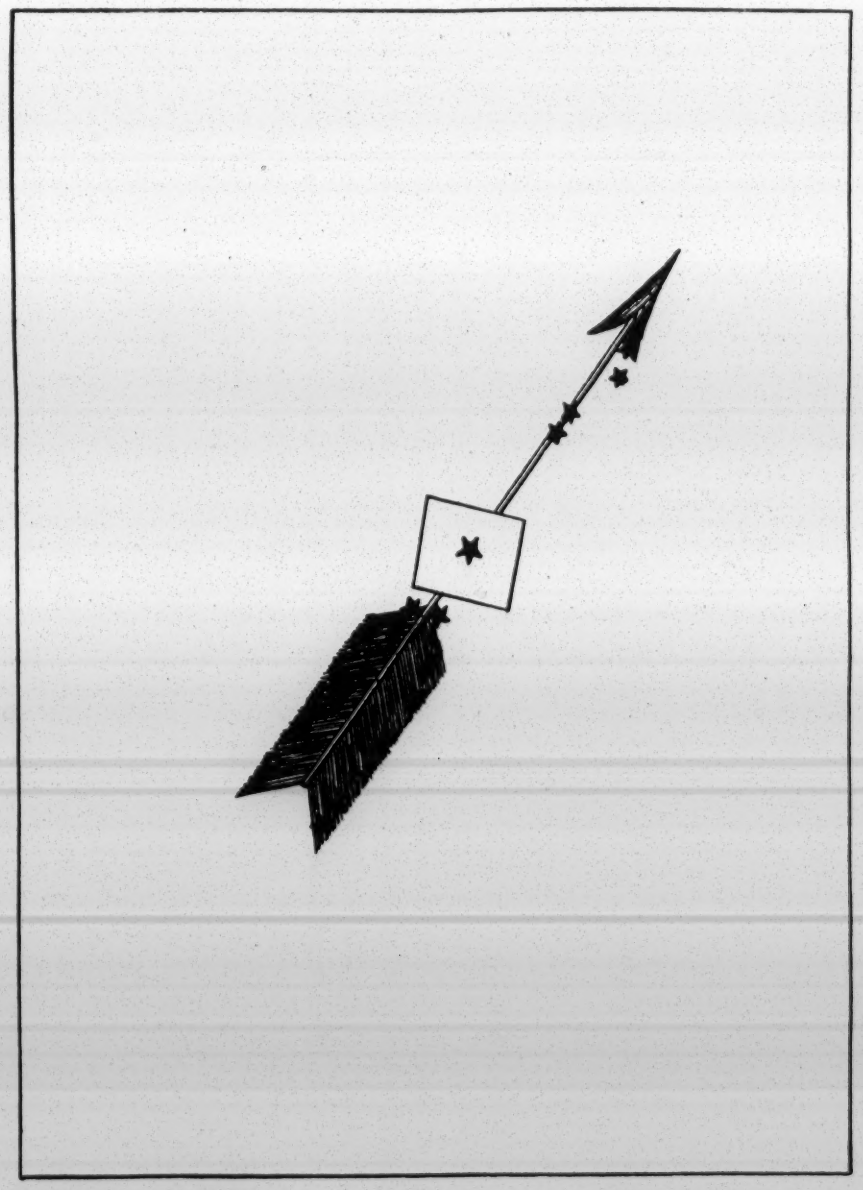
These Cyclopes each had but a single eye, located in the middle of the forehead. They were several because Reason is employed in all the various material sciences. Yet in such work but one viewpoint is tolerated, the single eye which can perceive only the happenings and relations of the physical world. The Reason of material science is totally blind to the still more important factors and influences of the inner plane. It takes no account of them and scoffs at their very existence.

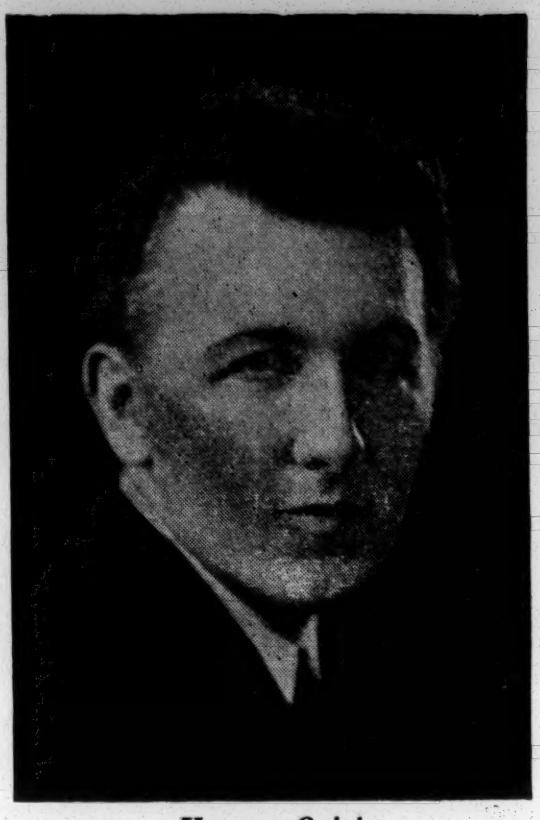
Instead, therefore, of constructing a plan of human life which takes into account the persistence of the soul after the dissolution of the physical body and the responsibility of each soul for the welfare of other souls in an eternally progressive scheme of existence, it forges doctrines of soul annihilation, thunderbolts which destroy all hope of life on other planes than this. One after another, physical facts are cited to prove all religion is superstition, that there can be no world other than the one which can be seen with the Cyclops eye, that great eye of physical discernment which materialism maintains is the only source of valid information.

Even as at the time of winter solstice, when the Sun has reached the end of the Sagitta-decanate, the nights are longest, so do the positive utterances of those who reason from the viewpoint of materialism cast a pall of darkest gloom over the struggling soul. For three days the Sun remains at this same darkest declination before starting back toward the north with its illuminating promise of life for another year; and of Cyclopes, therefore, there are three. But they were exterminated; according to Greek mythology, these three single-eyed giants, by Saggitta, the arrow sped from the bow of Apollo, god of the Sun.

The ruthlessness and the single point of view of these giants of Greek mythology are today being repeated, not merely by little groups of individuals, but by three great nations of the earth. Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany and jingo dominated Japan, are as rapacious in their greed and as dominated by their materialistic sense of power and their reliance upon intellect and force as were those huge legendary menaces of the past.

(*Continued on page 29*)





Haasan Osiris

Bringing Your Stars to You Astrologically With Your Personal Daily Guide

By HAASAN OSIRIS

Have you checked your Astrologer on "World Outlook"?

WORLD OUTLOOK

March, 1938

THE New Moon on the 2nd signifies that this is to be a very stimulated month in America. This lunation occurs in the watery, zodiacal sign of Pisces which is ruled by Neptune. Significantly this lunation opposes the planet Neptune which is the significator of the month, consequently we may expect radical actions to take place in all walks of life.

Departures from old systems and the beginning of new plans and the exploitation of a benefit-for-all program rapidly takes form now. There will be important new legislation in regard to labor, the stock-market or its branches and industry in general.

The United States will play an important role in the settlement of a dispute which gains International interest. America will play host to many noted personages through the month and will expand its trade and commerce to all parts of the world. Greater exports will be made this month than in any one month in a long time.

Yet this nation is not entirely free from some disasters. There will be terrific floods in several localities and some loss of human life from elemental disturbances. The airways will be wise to use extra caution in blustery weather.

Death of a prominent citizen of this country and a great discovery of "graft" by private individuals is exposed by the government. This likely pertains to mining, oil drilling, etc.; hence new laws will be passed and enacted in this field.

There is not an idle moment through the month. The United States will have its hands full, but business will be brisk and the general public seems to have a feeling of confidence in the Administration which expands and promotes industry.

Britain experiences many unusual new laws and adopts important, permanent foreign policies. A great shipbuilding boom is carried on all through Europe. Germany has internal difficulties and some executions take place and general unrest settles over the country.

Some reorganization of government policies takes place in France. Italy is busy, quiet and industrious. Russia comes to the headlines in some huge undertaking of national scope beneficial to her people. China has its troubles—a new one: that of keeping order within her own lines and boundaries which seem to be shrinking from the pressure of Japan.

MARCH, 1938

For the Zodiacal Signs

ARIES

(For those born between Mar. 21-April 19)

Not such prolific influences prevail here. Had better watch your health and not overtax your nervous system. A little care and caution in all endeavors will save you regrets later. Make changes carefully and take risks sparingly through March. Spend some time for introspection and weed out undesirable thoughts and release yourself from fears which seem to blot your ambition. Hang on to your job and do not think of making changes in your home now.

TAURUS

(For those born between April 20-May 20)

March holds out some bait for you to expand and brings you the consummation of plans previously cherished. Prayers you might have uttered long ago will come to pass. New avenues of work and pleasure open to you. You seem to see things in a different, fuller and more complete manner. A change is taking place within your own mind. You are broadening out and developing your wisdom. Experiences you have this month help you to greater achievements and success.

GEMINI

(For those born between May 21-June 21)

Have you actually done anything about those things you have been wanting for so long? If not—get busy now. Put this month to work and see that you get something worthwhile out of it for yourself. Muster up all of your courage, ambition and energy and spend a good deal of your time trying to get ahead and forever out of the rut in March. You will have excellent co-operation from others in your projects now so there is no excuse for failure at this time. Go places.

CANCER

(For those born between June 22-July 22)

You will reap through the balance of the year whatever seeds you sow now. Make this an active month and get several things under way. None of the activity and enthusiasm you put into your affairs would be wasted in March. Get out from under the yoke of dread and fears that has harassed you in the past. Turn over a new leaf and get some important things accomplished. You can fortify your future safely with the many opportunities which are presented to you here. Take trips.

LEO

(For those born between July 23-Aug. 22)

This month seems to offer you an escape from those things which held you bound down to disagreeable facts last month. Now you have more freedom of action and you take on more ambition and seem more encouraged than you have for the past nine weeks. Suddenly you find yourself quite popular and things which were denied you recently will begin to come to you now. You will be in a better mental mood

(*Continued on page 28*)

Personal Astrological Daily Guide

Gallery of Letters With Their Meaning

G: Capital G means a very good day. Ask favors, seek work, sign papers, promote your affairs, take trips, advertise, make friends, investigate, attend to everything of importance. Go places and do things.

g: Small g means a slightly good day. On these days attend to usual routine, make offers, entertain company, visit, write letters, send telegrams, take short trips, improve your personal affairs. Buy things, sell and invest.

A: Capital A means an adverse day. On these days use care and caution in all dealings, avoid accidents, losses, thefts, and guard your health. Also be careful of misunderstandings and engage in no arguments. Take no risks or chances.

a: Small a means a slightly adverse day. On these days attend only to necessary duties, strive to keep cheerful, avoid hurts and wounds, make haste slowly and seek dependable advice before acting. Avoid domestic inharmony.

D: Capital D means a doubtful day. Quite likely on these days several alternate good and adverse influences prevail and you should be discreet in all activities. Do not take too much for granted — don't be too sure. Postpone things.

N: Capital N means a Neutral day. On this day the influences are equally balanced, therefore it is not a very important day. Go about your usual affairs with usual prudence and it will be a successful but uneventful day.

C: Capital C means a Critical day. On these days you should be unusually careful and cautious in everything. Be sure to avoid accidents, sudden losses, explosions, falls, hurts, cuts and bruises. Undertake NOTHING important.

F: Forenoon of this day is good, but the afternoon is adverse; therefore the A.M. should be considered as G and the P.M. as A.

P: Afternoon is good but the forenoon is adverse. Therefore the day should be considered as A in A.M. and G in P.M.

E: This letter will be used in combination with other letters and pertains to the Evening of any day when the Evening influences differ from the influences of the rest of the day. A letter E added to any day means the evening is good for romance, pleasure seeking, amusements, visiting, short trips and general recreations.

V: This letter will also be used in combination with other letters when the evening hours differ from the rest of the day. The letter V added to any day means the evening is adverse for risks or ventures and it is best to remain at home and engage only in quiet recreations with friends or family.

MARCH, 1938

For those whose birthdays occur between: Date	Mar. 21—Apr. 19 Ari.	Apr. 20—May 20 Tau.	May 21—June 21 Gem.	June 22—July 22 Can.	July 23—Aug. 22 Leo.	Aug. 23—Sept. 22 Vir.	Sept. 23—Oct. 22 Lib.	Oct. 23—Nov. 21 Sco.	Nov. 22—Dec. 21 Sag.	Dec. 22—Jan. 19 Cap.	Jan. 20—Feb. 19 Aqu	Feb. 20—Mar. 20 Pis.
1	a	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a	g	a	N
2	a	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a	g	a	D
3	aE	GV	aE	gV	AE	GV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	DV
4	N	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	a
5	D	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	a
6	a	N	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G
7	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G
8	G	a	N	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a
9	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a
10	A	G	a	N	a	G	a	g	A	G	a	g
11	A	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	A	G	a	g
12	g	a	G	a	N	a	G	A	g	a	G	a
13	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	A	g	a	G	a
14	a	g	a	G	a	N	a	G	a	g	a	G
15	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G
16	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	DV	aE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV
17	G	a	g	a	G	a	N	a	G	a	g	a
18	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a
19	A	G	a	g	a	G	a	N	a	G	a	g
20	A	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g
21	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	N	a	G	a
22	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a
23	gV	aE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	DV	aE	GV	aE
24	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	N	a	G
25	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G
26	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	N	a
27	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a
28	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	DV	aE
29	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	N
30	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	D
31	N	a	G	A	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a

DIRECTIONS: First find the column which includes your birthday, then look down that column of letters until you come to the date of the month you wish (given at the left). After securing the key-letter for that date refer to the Gallery of Letters to find out the indications for that day. When more than one letter is given for any day look up both letters for that day and govern yourself accordingly.

This is a Daily Guide for each Zodiacal Sign for the present month.

Remember that when a day is marked G it is good for most all progressive things, even though they might not be mentioned in the paragraph. Remember that a day marked A is adverse for most all progressive things, even though they are not mentioned in the paragraph.

The World Mystery

(Continued from page 6)

lion miles away. The Bible states that Jesus had failures in His demonstrations. If he did it may be reasonably assumed that the same conditions affected Him as affect the present day sensitive. Jesus was a trained psychic but the Bible of today ignores this fact and the Bible of the present also neglects to explain where Jesus was and what He was doing for some 20 years previous to His appearance as a Messiah. That part of His life would not jibe with Theology, if correctly set out.

The Research Societies have established the fact, as a fact, of every phase of Psychic Phenomena and also that the body and nerve system of the sensitive is either the origin of the Phenomena or the necessary part of a machine similar to radio upon which outside forces can play. There is no other solution that will stand the analysis of reason.

The Societies have found that religion, race or even average intelligence has no bearing on the performance of a sensitive, that they function involuntarily nearly always, that many of them are too dumb to put over crooked stuff if they wanted to and that the majority of sensitives are what is generally described as "batty in the head," which is probably due to the fact that their nerves are more susceptible to vibrational influences than are the nerves of non-sensitives; therefore because the sensitive sees and hears outside of normal sight and hearing, they get credit for being "batty" whether they are or not.

The Societies know that clairaudiants hear voices because their ears are developed to a higher range of hearing than normal. Normal hearing is hearing to the 16th octave or slightly above (around 40,000 vibrations per second) and when the vibrations run over 40,000 the ear does not register. Scientific instruments register vibrations up to the 62nd octave which, expressed in figures is 4,611,686,618,427,389,904 per second and nobody knows how much higher they might go.

The Societies know that clairvoyance is nothing more or less than supernormal eyesight. There are even blind clairvoyants. The occupancy of the space around us by non-material objects or forces is no more impossible than space being occupied by visible material objects of wood or brick or stone and these non-material objects or forces may have more real permanence than the solid visible objects subject to material decay.

The material things we construct are in actual conflict with Nature and Nature wages a constant battle against the material and never loses that battle; in the long run all the buildings of man (with a few exceptions) have been overcome by the elements of Nature.

(Continued on page 26)

BOOK REVIEWS

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(Continued on page 30)

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The Higher Consciousness

(*Continued from page 8*)

partment brings a ruby glow first; later the J-A-D-E—four being the number.

Wagner employed the priceless Holy Grail; jade esoterically is used in ritual with the same link between divinity and man. Jade is as the Leo numbers, bringing the mystical value for better understanding if of the inheritance as a Child of the Light.

All of this concerns the accepted and applied rhythm of the superconsciousness. This causes the student to think at once that such knowledge comes only by way of continued experience.

Understanding and making use of these finer values affects the senses, then the mental process, until a track is made, permitted, it becomes deeply impressed—into the storehouse which we call the subconscious. Then the superconsciousness draws upon that for inspirational food. Be careful of the materials you store there!

Just how or when I was certain of this cannot be measured by time or place.

There is beyond doubt, a Place within which is apart from all intrusion, into which nothing comes unbidden; the shrine of the Most-High of the Real Self.

It seems to me that Freud and others failed to go far enough in the search of the original or primal force.

The public joyfully subscribed to the insistence that the sex urge and the hunger urge were and are the chief incentives to man-ness—if I may use that as a word!

Because 'way back in the beginning of things, almost a "Once upon a time" era, the Dawn Period of humanity concerned itself only with its relationship to the Universal Consciousness.

The mating urge and the hunger instinct came along later; the spiritual urge was primal, whether admitted, recognized, or side-stepped.

What is this urge?

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The highest values come by way of great uplift gifts. Music is heard; poetry is read; color is viewed. Within each one of these lies a Beauty to be taken within. Each person, according to the measure of his development may find a fine significance, for use as constructive power.

How may this force be utilized?

Within that Deep-Self is the latent image of You; containing possibilities which must be intensified by light played upon it from mental and emotional experiences.

How may this be accomplished? Having achieved—what then?

Know this: enshrine within All High Privileges, to be used in consistently constructive living.

Then is it conceivable that failure can come; that one might die of dis-

(*Continued on page 27*)

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The Ways of Saints — (*Continued from page 17*)

it?" he thought to himself. "Ah! Under the tree, of course," he exclaimed happily to himself as he espied a lone withered old tree.

Hours later found him deep in a hole still digging away half-heartedly. He had dug at a circumference of six feet around the tree, but without a single nugget of gold to show for his work. He paused in his labor and wiped his wet forehead with a red handkerchief. "Oh, San Francisco of Paola," he prayed sitting down, "I guess you have failed me. Now what shall I tell Angelina. O mio, Dio! What shall I tell Angelina?"

As he mourned to himself he heard someone coming up the road. By the time he had scrambled out of the hole he had dug, a man came into view around the bend. Pietro realized he must look very suspicious in such an ominous place especially as anyone could see he had been digging at the "Witches' Meeting-place." But the stranger seemed not perturbed at such a sight and came right up to him. "How are you, amico," he cordially called out to him. "Fine, thank you, dear friend," he half-heartedly responded.

The stranger had now come close to him and noticed the deep hole around the tree and the shovel in his hand. "What ho! mio amico. Not digging for worms, are you?" he said looking slyly at him with cocked head.

Pietro looked at him unhappily and with abashed face. The stranger seemed an amiable fellow and clapped him on the back. "Come, let us sit down and eat and drink. It is nearly noon-time, anyway." And truly, the sun was high in the heavens.

They sat down on rocks and the stranger opened his knapsack and took out bread, cheese and a flask of wine; that is the common food that travelers in that part of the country take with them. As they ate and drank, Pietro's tongue became loosened by the stranger's wine and confidential manners, and confided all to him. "But it seems that the dream was just another dream and not a vision," he concluded.

"Ho, ho," the stranger laughed, "don't tell me you believe in dreams? Dreams are fantasies of fools who desire too much of life. Why the other night I, too, had a dream such as yours. But do I believe in them? Not me!!" He took another swig at the flask of wine and passed it over to Pietro. Pietro took a long drink and inquired of him in a contented manner. "Tell me of your dream, amico—just to pass the time away."

"Well, I dreamt that I met a man on the road as I was going to Monte Rosso and we sat in this same spot to drink some wine and eat bread and cheese. After we ate and drank he thanked me for it and said he wanted to reward me for being so kind. He told me to go to the town of Buccheri and go to the house of a man by the name of Pietro Ansaldi. I should then dig under his bed and I would find a pot of gold."

At the mention of his name Pietro nearly choked over the bread and cheese he had in his mouth. "Here, drink, amico." The stranger gaily handed over the now almost empty flask. "Your throat must be dry." But Pietro had other ideas. He thanked the stranger profusely, picked up his sack and hastened in the direction of his home as fast as his legs could carry him. Truly, San Francisco of Paola had not failed him.

Dream Reveals — (*Continued from page 9*)

Then Mr. Graham told us his story. It seems that they were staying at a summer resort up in the mountains where they had taken a cabin for the night. After supper Uncle Jack had gone over to the hotel to visit with the proprietor who happened to be an old schoolmate of his. Both had been born and raised in that neighborhood.

Meanwhile Mr. Graham, tired of reading and had gone to bed. Waking up along toward morning he switched on the light. To his surprise he noted that Uncle Jack's bed was unoccupied. Alarmed, he hurried into his clothes and went over to the hotel. The lights were all out. He aroused the proprietor and was informed that Uncle Jack had left there about midnight.

Convinced that something had happened the two men took flashlights and searched the grounds. While walking along the bank of the creek that separated the hotel from the campground they discovered the body. As near as they could figure, Uncle Jack, instead of crossing the rustic bridge as he should have done, had taken a short cut to the cabin. In attempting to cross in the dark where the water was shallow he had slipped on a rock and fell, cutting a gash in his temple. While still unconscious he had drowned with his face in only a few inches of water.

Aunt Mary recovered but she was never the same again. The nervous shock had been too severe. Rather than return to the home where she and the man she loved so dearly had spent so many happy years she decided to make her home with us.

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Jesus Hid Himself—

(Continued from page 7)

I glanced at the clock on the mantel and noticed that it was four minutes past three o'clock. Through the glass in the door I saw the feet of a man standing outside on the porch. Upon opening the door, there stood an Oriental dressed in American clothes—a light grey suit and grey felt hat. Removing his hat the man bowed very low and said: "Good afternoon! You are Mrs. Reddy, I believe." I replied, "I am. What can I do for you?" With a most engaging smile he responded, "I understand you are a psychic." "Perhaps," was my rather noncommittal reply. "Well, I came down from San Francisco expressly to meet you!" By this time my curiosity was a bit aroused and I asked, "Where did you hear of me?" Like a flash came the response, "You might be surprised! May I come in?" From the moment I first opened the door and saw that Oriental standing there, I had a sort of subconscious feeling of being in the presence of a mystery, and was not at all surprised when he asked permission to enter. Something seemed to tell me to let him in, so, granting him the desired permission I stepped aside to let him pass. This Oriental came into the room and accepted the proffered seat by the window with his back to the street. Taking his hat I laid it on the desk by the door and then sat down in a chair facing him about seven feet distant. The room was brightly illuminated by the sunlight streaming through the windows. As soon as he was seated I asked: "Would you mind giving me your name?" With an expansive smile he replied: "Not just yet! I will give it a little later, if you do not mind!" and went on with his conversation.

"During the ensuing conversation my visitor asked no questions, but on the contrary, made many definite statements of uncanny accuracy. A very interesting conversationalist, this stranger gave out much detailed information on a contemplated project in which my husband and I were greatly interested. The time passed all too quickly. Suddenly my unexpected guest looked up at the clock on the mantel and said: "In just five minutes your next appointment will be here, so I must go now; I will come again. My name is ——— ——— (here he gave the name of a widely known Tibetan lama). The man bowed very low, and —— the chair was empty. My mysterious visitor had vanished. There in the well lighted room, with the sunlight streaming in through the windows, my uncanny visitant disappeared. Somewhat startled, I looked at the clock; its hands pointed to five minutes of four o'clock. The entire incident had lasted fifty-one minutes. Then I noticed that while my strange caller had gone his hat remained there on the top of the desk. The thought entered my mind: "Well, at least the hat is real!" and I walked over and

(Continued on page 30)

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The World Mystery —(*Continued from page 22*)

The fact that non-material matter or force is invisible to most people does not make it supernatural. Has a blind man the right to even doubt what we see and what he cannot see on the ground that his eyes do not function. Yet our normal eye sees far less than a one-millionth part of what actually surrounds us.

People with normal sight and hearing imagine that they see or hear all that there is to see or hear when, as a matter of fact they see and hear next to nothing. The radio, telescope and magnifying glass prove this. With our radio turned off we hear nothing, turned on we hear whatever we wish to hear that may be on the air at the time and we do not hear hundreds of other broadcasts going on at the same time. But the vibrations of these other programs are passing through the ether in our home just the same and we have no right to deny that they cannot be seen or heard by those with organs of higher sensitiveness.

Maybe the prehistoric man had better sight and hearing than man of today but whether he did or not is of very little consequence and if our Scientists and Clergy spent less time on dead men's bones and performances and more on live men's eyes and ears, they would both get further in finding out something worthwhile today. Why any living person can have supernormal sight or hearing, why they function involuntarily when they should function voluntarily, means far more than all the museum skeletons in the world and also more than all the creed dogmas ever promulgated.

When we commence to study and understand the vibrations of our own bodies and the effect of vibrations from the surrounding ether on our own bodies, we will know why Jesus walked on the water and stilled the wind and we will be able to do the same thing for He said, "What I do ye also can do —and greater things."

While the enemies of Jesus crucified His body, which in spirit amounted to the same thing as destroying His house, His over zealous followers (or rather His advertisers) have crucified the deeds of Jesus by putting them outside of duplication, thereby nullifying His most important assertion, "Faith without Works (performance) is nothing."

Jesus demonstrated an Operative Religion by actual Works which was then and still is a dangerous thing to do while his clerical advertisers have played safe with a speculative religion based on mere faith alone.

It would seem that the little we may learn of the Mystery of life and death that may be proven is within ourselves and we will find out much more right at home than we will in the Book of Revelations which nobody understands. Neither will it help us much to go with the Scientists to the Gobi desert and dig up old bones. The bones are only the framework of the house the ancient man lived in. The interesting thing is —where is that man now?

"Nor at any time verily was I not, nor Thou, nor these Princes of men, nor verily shall we ever cease to be hereafter."

A Moonlight Tryst —(*Continued from page 18*)

and to your heart, as you did that night."

"I too was unbelieving, my love, but that night, I knew that an angel was starving for spiritual food and I fed her and unwittingly fed myself," he whispered as he kissed her tenderly and bade her good night.

Three weeks later a hurry call was sent to Dr. Franklin. Margaret was desperately ill. Answering the call, he sped along, breathless with fear while the speedometer rose to fifty, sixty, seventy, then a loud report, and a crushing sound . . . and Dr. Franklin found himself alone, walking in the desert toward the giant cactus where the night blooming Cereus grows. As he sped along his senses were touched by the exotic odor of the weird desert flower, and, as he paused to get his direction, he saw Margaret gliding toward him with a happy smile on her lips and her golden hair glistening in the moonlight.

With a rapturous cry he sprang forward.

"Margaret, my darling, I thought you were dying and I raced to your bedside. What has happened? Why are we here?"

"I knew that you would come, my beloved, that you would not forget our tryst in the moonlight, by the night blooming Cereus," smiled Margaret as they walked along the desert trail and vanished beyond the moonlight.

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The All-Seeing Eye — (*Continued from page 3*)

the idea as time moves forward. The men of the century just passed and now passing, who left the findings of their lives to bless the world, saw as it were through the power of the all-seeing eye in action.

These wonderful things, sought and found for the comfort and the enlightenment of mankind, rightly used would indeed give to the world the right to the term—"this enlightened age"; but the world is not ready for the fulfillment of that which they were inspired to possess and so the sweeping hand of Death gleans them into the cradle of a new birth and the old world rolls on unmindful of its slaughtered children.

Man has many terms which when amalgamated mean just one thing — evolution—evolution through change—through experiences, following and keeping step with each succeeding generation. As man uncovers records he finds time added to time and those figures when brought to balance with known records where before there seemed to be *the* beginning of time. The hierarchy of man over man has destroyed records; when we go forward in time we lay new cornerstones and evolve new principles for the relationship of man with each other and his relationship to other forms of Life to which the earth has given birth and in this evolution this will indeed be written into the record as a very, very destructive age and against that record will be *the unenlightened age*, and it truly *is* an unenlightened age. Just going back a century in comparison as we read the record of the cycle of uncivilized activities in the world closes and the record of the 19th century reads even a greater inhumanity to man than any century preceding it. One can look with impunity upon the beasts that tear each other for food but one cannot look with impunity upon man who destroys ruthlessly his fellow man for the possession of the soil which belongs to the earth and not to any group or generation. Each life is a world swinging in space and is independent of the earth from which it sprung and only when such a life frees itself from erroneous theories about itself, its relation to the great cause and its purpose, does he unite and become one with the creative Law. Man knows so little yet purporting to know so much that he sets obstacles, not only for himself but for the future generations. Man has a free will to do that which is right only and the realization of his wrongdoings becomes hindrances and burdens when the physical body returns to earth and his progress depends entirely upon his realization of these wrongdoings, not only in his relationship in the world but to his own individual progression. This question of Life does not deal alone with human relationship. It deals as well with every form of Life which the earth has sent forth to bless and sustain and be sustained. When one speaks of the all-seeing eye they must take into consideration all time—the past that man knows nothing of—the present of which his knowledge is scant —and the future—still hidden from his conception. Man lives in the law and by that law he is judged and from that law he is free or bound. Theories count for nothing—facts are living records of time.

The Higher Consciousness — (*Continued from page 23*)

appointment; of anger; of loneliness?

Are there limitations?

According to the measure of each one's desires; usually subjective.

Pause here; think over certain rhythmic adjustments which now are throbbing within you; note this, also, they vary according to the strength or weakness of the disturbance.

There is for you the imperative need to arrange these annoying rhythmic agitations into a harmonious peace from acceptance and use of my poetry, music, color, etc.

Scarcely perceptible will be the result in that gradual arousing of one's inner self. Continuing the ascending effects, this primal urge will take possession of the entire being, the amount of constructive energy released will affect for Good everything contacted. This condition, supernally good; made normal it follows that another forward step may be accomplished. Thus the races progress in a spiral manner, upward!

Beauty as I offer it has this therapeutic value:

"It will enlarge the soul,
It will uplift the mind;
Then—you may taller grow."

"That you may taller grow," requires the actual doing of something fine. Make a lasting contact with, let us say, Blake. He knew his duty, as my first sentence has suggested.

"Learning to advance with another;
Where Mercy, Love, Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling, too."

Entering into the consciousness of creative power, embellished suitably from color; from word; from sound.

"Your color across the Plan can make
A quickening of the countenance!
Music has more worth than you have known,
Poetry exalts if you know your kind.
The Deep-Self awaits your coming."

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Bringing Your Stars to You — (*Continued from page 20*)

and in better health. Favorable for taking journeys.

VIRGO

(For those born between Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

The rather subtle influences around you are for a purpose. What of it if you do feel handicapped in some way? No use to worry about things that are beyond your control. The only time destiny can get the best of you is when you lose your equilibrium from too much worry. Take good care of your health and avoid spending money for things that are not absolutely necessary. Suggest that you postpone travel and avoid coming in contact with nervous people.

LIBRA

(For those born between Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

You may come into a temporary stand-still relating to your personal, domestic or working conditions now. Also might experience some small unpleasantnesses around you occasionally. None of these things are serious if you do not "make mountains out of mole hills." During March be on your guard to prevent misunderstandings unintentionally. Avoid a suspicious or jealous attitude with your loved ones if you wish to keep your friends and live in harmony with them.

SCORPIO

(For those born between Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

Whatever the source of your income is it will probably assure you of security from now on. The month of March brings you some increases in money, friends or valuable experience. Open the new doors that you find before you often and explore in new lines of thought. Some benefit comes to you through occult investigations and meetings with strangers offers you some beneficial education. Make whatever changes you deem advisable for the advancement of yourself and your interests.

SAGITTARIUS

(For those born between Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Old and new hopes come into maturity now. This month brings you face to face with tremendous opportunities to make some rapid advancement in your business, work or personal affairs. Also some new offers may capture your attention. It is a month of diversification, change, and possible travel or removal. Many unexplained mysteries or puzzling problems of the past will be unveiled for you in March. A desire to undertake new things should be satisfied by diligent attempts at them.

CAPRICORN

(For those born between Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

You need feel no hesitancy in forging ahead even if something within you seems to try to hold you in check. You have been restricted to minor things for a few weeks so you may delay going ahead, and this would be a bad mistake. Take advantage of all your new opportunities and do something about them. Get out and keep busy all through the month. See if you can accomplish more in March than you have through the past two months put together: you can if you only make an attempt.

AQUARIUS

(For those born between Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

All things seem to brighten up for you now. Lately you have been sort of groping around in a dusky, doubtful mental condition. March brushes the mental cob-webs away and offers you a chance for self-expression and expansion along new and better lines or under a new system. Begin making extensive plans for the Spring, because aspects are beginning to form now which offer great activity and promise happiness and success if you are prepared for them when they materialize. Take a trip.

PISCES

(For those born between Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

It is advisable, considering the influences of the planets around you here to take extra care of your health. Prevent arguments and quarrels and do not permit your feelings to be hurt. Danger of injury through your own carelessness—so be careful! Shun gossipy neighbors and do not lay yourself open for censorship by envious people. A little self-discipline at this time will save you much unpleasantness. Prevent accidents in traffic and if possible it is best to postpone trips.

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Cyclopes, Past and Present —(*Continued from page 19*)

These three nations, now joined in an agreement to protect each other in their raids upon other peoples, are forging and using thunderbolts of destruction. Justice, sympathy, spirituality and the aspirations of those within their midst who are devoutly religious, are made subservient to totalitarian forms of government, based upon strictly materialistic incentives. The single-eyed point of view is the expansion of their power through the domination of those weaker and less able to defend themselves.

And as the Sun at the winter solstice is weakest in its power, so the other nations at the winter solstice of 1937, when Jupiter was opposition to Pluto in the sky, were least prepared to resist the Cyclopean triumvirate of powers. For a time they will be permitted, like their ancient legendary symbols to cast a gloom of dread over the face of the earth. Yet, after the winter solstice the Sun turns back toward the north with its promise of life for another year.

So also will the parliamentary democracies of the earth, from this time on, revive their strength and arrange their affairs to check the ruthless militarism of this trio of aggressive powers.

That which so greatly has weakened our democracies has been their absorption also in a single point of view, seeing things only with the single eye of greed. Yet when they begin to get visions more spiritual, such a more wholesome view of the returning sunlight, that the welfare of all is the thing of paramount importance; then will the arrow, sped from the bow of Apollo, exterminate those Cyclopes within our midst.

And this better seeing will so unite the parliamentary nations that the aggressive triumvirate will fear the power of their new illumination.

Not force, not physical movement or physical action, dissipates darkness; but it is exterminated by the presence of light. Such light, the beams of which pierce the blackness of physical night, is represented by the celestial Arrow.

Wisdom alone, such as the speeding Arrow brings, however, is not all sufficient to the progress of the soul. Light it must have as a guide to action if that action is to lead to progression; but the action itself which permits the perpetual unfolding of its powers requires another factor. As a companion to Wisdom, as its polar opposite, both of which in co-operation make evolution possible, there is Love. Love and Wisdom are the avenues through which alone the advancement of the soul is made.

Therefore, while Sagitta stresses the importance of Wisdom, in the traditions of this heavenly arrow, Love has not been overlooked. Mythology holds not only that it is the arrow of the Sun, but also the one shot from Dan Cupid's bow. By this is implied that in true Illumination, feeling, as well as knowledge, plays an important part; that it is more than an intellectual perception, that Love joins hands with Wisdom.

In the Hopi Indian ceremony of calling back the Sun, a ceremony held at the winter solstice just when the Sun has reached the end of the Sagitta-decanate, arrows which are violently thrown into a mound of earth by the Thunderbird man play an important part. And when Elisha lay dying and Joash asked help of him before he departed, that their enemies might be defeated, mention is made of the horseman, that is, of Sagittarius, of the three —before the light begins to triumph over darkness after the Sun has reached the solstice—and of the arrows. II Kings 13, relates:

"And Joash the king of Israel came down unto him, and wept over his face, and said, O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And Elisha said unto him, Take bow and arrows. And he took unto him bow and arrows. And he said to the king of Israel, put thine hand upon the bow. And he put his hand upon it: and Elisha put his hands upon the king's hands.

"And he said, Open the window eastward. And he opened it. Then Elisha said, Shoot. And he shot. And he said, the arrow of the Lord's deliverance and the arrow of deliverance from Syria; for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek, till thou have consumed them. And he said, Take the arrows. And he took them. And he said unto the king of Israel, Smite upon the ground. And he smote thrice, and stayed."

That from which men seek deliverance, as Joash sought deliverance from the Syrians, is the darkness of misconception. When the arrow of the soul pierces the illusions imposed by physical limitations, it then perceives the road it must follow to reach the desired spiritual attainment. But unaided, Reason is quite inadequate to furnish this illumination. If sufficient light is to be had to see the way clearly an inner faculty of understanding must be brought into play.

When Reason, the one-eyed Cyclops, intrudes its presence it quite effectually prevents that which spiritual men of all ages have referred to as Illumination. This state of consciousness is an identification of the individual with the knowledge sought. Instead of thinking about it, he feels the truth within himself. Yet such inner feeling cannot gain recognition so long as ordinary mental processes are active. They must be routed, laid to rest, or otherwise vanquished, before the inner contact with the desired information can be felt.

In the use of any of the senses, even those of physical sight and hearing, we

(*Continued on page 31*)

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Book Reviews

(*Continued from page 22*)

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Jesus Hid Himself — (*Continued from page 25*)

picked it up. It seemed to be an ordinary light-weight felt hat, but as I turned it over for closer inspection—it vanished out of my hands.

Of course it may be contended by the skeptics that this description is based upon a vivid imagination gone to seed, or else self-hypnosis. To those who would advance these hypotheses, we can state that in the apartment opposite a mother and daughter sat on a couch looking out through the glass in the door of their apartment. These two persons saw the strange man come up on the porch and press the button of the electric bell, saw the door open, saw Mrs. R. talk to him for perhaps a minute, after which he entered, and the door was closed. They did not see this man come out again.

We are looking forward with a great deal of interest for the return of this strange Oriental. Why? Because he said that he would return. To us this occurrence demonstrated several things: that it was quite probable, and possible as well, that Jesus actually performed his sudden disappearance from the rabble just as stated in the Bible; that it was a modern, visible demonstration of the truth of the claim that there are no "miracles," but instead, occurrences in strict accordance with natural law; that if those "signs and wonders" actually took place in Biblical times, they, under proper conditions, can take place today.

In view of the existing conditions today, one would rather imagine that the Church would be greatly interested in the thorough investigation of spiritual, or as it is termed today, psychic phenomena. All religions are founded upon psychic manifestations; especially the so-called Christian religion. Unless the Church is able to point to something more definite than mere unconvincing claims of unsubstantiated "miracles" it is inevitable that the great ecclesiastical organizations shall go down to ignominious defeat. The Christian churches of all denominations are now facing the greatest opportunity of all time for gaining a complete victory over all forms of materialism and atheism and thereby perpetuating the continued existence of the Church; to grasp this unprecedented opportunity for investigating and accepting the genuine objective psychic phenomena with their deep spiritual significance and implications, or of rejecting them and thus opening wider the door to temporal and spiritual annihilation; for TRUTH cannot be destroyed. The choice lies before the Church today! Which will the Church choose?

Psychic Faculty — (*Continued from page 16*)

The medium was introduced to her, and occasionally addressed a question which met with no response but the sobbing of the actress; suddenly he asked, "What have you done with your child?" The girl jumped up, stopped weeping, and looked at Kele, amazed. She later admitted that she had abandoned the child and then attempted to commit suicide!

Post-hypnotic suggestion is not widely used, although it can operate by implanting a suggestion in the mind of the sleeping subject. He will react to this suggestion when awakened, even if he appears to be opposed to it. For instance, one might suggest that he was in the company of his victim or accomplice. When awakened, with this belief uppermost in his mind, it is only a question of opening a suitable conversation in order to obtain the necessary information. This method is restricted to individuals who respond to hypnotic treatment, and consequently it is only effective when this type of person is taken in charge by the authorities.

Such are the methods by which psychic faculty can be applied to criminology. In all the European capitals where I have contacted police officials, I have opened this question and found that they agreed that there is scope for co-operation between the psychic and the police. This co-operation has been achieved between our research society and the police, who have found on numerous occasions that the medium can be very helpful.—From *The Two Worlds*.

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Cyclopes, Past — (*Continued from page 29*)

tune in on some particular aspect of a thing. That is, our eyes tune in on the light reflected from a surface, or our ears tune in on certain molecular vibrations. In this manner we recognize certain phases of physical existence. But when Illumination takes place, we tune in on the thing quite completely, on its inner character and its qualities. Identifying ourselves for the time with it, we know it from the inside and the outside in all its essential vibrations, and this gives rise to a knowledge of certainty about it.

The astral body has various senses, such as clairvoyance, clair-audience and psychometry, with which to perceive objects and occurrences from the four-dimensional plane. Yet the employment of these inner senses is not Illumination, it is merely the use of more effective organs of perception to get impressions about things. Such impressions, while more comprehensive than those gained through the use of the physical sense organs, only include certain aspects of the thing under consideration.

When, however, the individual can completely tune himself in on the subject of his attention, he so identifies himself with it that there is no sense of separateness; he seems to be that thing and to know all there is to know about it, both inside and outside. This information, or knowledge, instead of coming through the inner sense organs, is felt as if it were a light flooding the utmost recesses of the soul; hence its name of Illumination.

One should not conclude from this that those who experience true Illumination are never in error. Like all other information, to reach objective consciousness it must pass from the unconscious to the conscious mind. Therefore, whether the information comes through the physical senses, through Reason, through the astral senses, or through Illumination, it is always subject to the influence of any opinions or emotions that have a dominant power within the unconscious mind. These control the avenues through which the information must pass to reach objective consciousness.

If the information, however correctly received and true, does not meet the approval of these dominant unconscious factors—providing such are present—they act as censors. The information cannot pass them and reach the conscious mind until it conforms to their standards. For this reason information received through any channel should be checked as to accuracy in as many ways as possible.

Nevertheless, whether it is permitted to pass from the unconscious to the conscious without censorship or not, Illumination is the most satisfactory and comprehensive way of securing knowledge. To thus tune in on the desired information requires great concentration, hence the text: Concentration Is the Arrow that Pierces the Illusions of Matter and Makes Possible High Accomplishment.

The Key to Happiness — (*Continued from page 14*)

and rest. When ease and rest become monotonous you must flee from it. Next, you must enter the creative field and construct things, objects, which one likes very much to do, the outlets for the many fancies and the many phases. Cultivate a hobby. Work when there is the desire to work. Create when there is the desire to create—these desires are deeply motivated, causing one to live as living should be, creating as creating should be—to the full—then retreat back into ease. It is the program of happiness.

Wherever man may be he can achieve the full, leading to happiness. Some men may meet defeat because of extreme economic pressure. In that event the individuals must remove themselves to an environment where the economic pressure is not so intense. There are many favorable spots on this globe, especially in the warmer regions. The plan is correct for the simple life with only the simple things for our sustenance and pleasures.

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Tertia Motus —

(*Continued from page 11*)

The howling jealous crowd is symbolized by the vicious snarl and the flashing eye of the wild beast. And the act of the Lord illustrates again that by his mercy we shall regain and maintain Paradise. That the final and total liberation of the soul is inextricably connected with the psychical realm and the blood and lymph in particular is shown in the fact that the last enemies Zeus had to overcome were the Titans created by the dripping blood of Uranus (Hereditary Traits).

In the blood and lymph lies all history. They contain joy and bitterness, Heaven and Hell. They support Titanic enemies as well as gigantic friends. And before they are transmuted into a willing vehicle they remain the Titanic foe.

But finally all the gods (good tendencies) led by Zeus and Athene (which is his universal Love) and not Hera (his divine emotions) destroyed the Titans for their insolence and hostility and in punishment Volcanos were piled on their bodies, which is: Through constant division of the psychic crystal Zeus purified his blood and lymph of all lower and base desires, thus letting them go up in smoke so that even to this day we can hear the groans and the convulsions of the Luciferic Titans, i.e., lower selfish tendencies.

Wheels of the Gods —

(*Continued from page 13*)

as they danced across the stage, O'Day, whose gaze had been wandering over the audience, glanced at them; for the first time, to his horror, he saw that the dancer was Judy. He essayed to rise; Mr. X placed a gentle hand on his arm in a restraining gesture, "Better wait," he said.

As the dance progressed it became a strict interpretation of the rhumba; it was so suggestive that it almost disgusted O'Day; not so with the crowd, who enjoyed it immensely. The dancers retired amid a thunder of applause.

Mr. X arose and motioned O'Day to follow him; he led the way to a backstage hall where they found the object of their search enjoying the company of others of her kind.

When the girl saw O'Day with Mr. X she came forward with a smile and greetings and led the way to a small dressing-room. "I'm just having a lark, sweetheart," she said to O'Day as she tried unsuccessfully to kiss him.

"I am not your sweetheart, and furthermore, you are not the woman that I know as Judy Palmer, for she would never become a party to such a disgusting performance as we have just witnessed," he told her.

"Bravo!" said a voice; he turned to see a second Mr. X holding a second Judy by the hand; the two men and women seemed identical couples, except that the Judy in the doorway was decently clothed and the man wore a brilliant cross which seemed now to give off a living light as he advanced into the room holding it up before him. The Mr. X that had led O'Day here and the dancing Judy drew back from the advancing man.

O'Day surveyed the scene philosophically and remained a silent watcher of this fascinating drama.

The one with the cross stopped and addressed his likeness, who stood facing him, "Once more you have ventured into the domain of decency and love, only to be vanquished as you always are by that power that leads to good. Grateful are we that your plan was discovered before some measure of success had crowned your diabolical efforts; by the trust of this man in the goodness of another soul and by the power of this rose cross, I now condemn you to that outer sphere whose grossness will hold you for another age, and may God have mercy on your soul."

"I have plans that you may not defeat as you have these many past," replied the evil one, who bowed smiling to all and led the pseudo Judy out of the room.

When the three of them were back in the castle, Mr. X discoursed at some length on the recent happenings.

(*Concluding chapter of this Occult Drama next month*)

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